THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

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FOURTEENTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1898. NUMBER 81.

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GET YOUR NOTEHEADS, Envelopes, Letterheads, Catalogues, Bills, &c., printed at HERALD office.

THE ELECTION NEXT TUESDAY

Involves the Same Issues, Although the Excitement is Not So Great, As Those Fought Out in '96.

On the eve of a congressional election it would be well for us to remember that, although the excitement is not so great still the issues are the same that stirred the nation in 1896. The success of coercion, fraud, and all the corruption known to politics in the last presidential campaign, coupled with the perfidy of the present administration, has shown itself in such glaring proportions to the people, not only in the broken promises of prosperity and the continued evils of the gold standard, but in the late war for the emancipation of suffering millions of human beings. The administration has shown the "mailed hand" in the very hour when it should have clasped ungloved the North and South. Forced, as it declared, into an "unholy war," which has been fought to a successful finish by soldiers from the North, South, East and West, adherents of the blue and gray, and while the soldiers suffered from party paternalism and Alger "Arnoldism," still, uncomplaining, they followed the flag to victory in a cause more holy than that which inspired the zeal of Peter, the Hermit. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the stars and stripes planted on the heights of El Caney and Santiago, waves over as much blood drawn from Democratic veins as fell from Republican blood vessels, still Marcus A. Hanna says that unless the Republican party is perpetuated in office the war will have been a failure Who ever heard that the war was especially ordered for the Republican party? Who but Mark Hanna would dare insult the patriotism of the American people in such a manner as this? Forced to lift a yoke of tyranny from a sister land by the people, who had more patriotism and backbone than their executive, who looks at things alone through Lord Hanna's stereoscope of commercial and financial interests, and supported by the people's representatives, both Democratic and Republican; and after success has crowned our armies on sea and land with laurels at which the world looks with awe and astonishment, 'tis then the Republican party steps forward in its chosen oracle, Marcus A. Hanna, not only to share in but to monopolize all the glory of the triumphs of this "unholy war."

For shame! The usurper's greed
Will bring a meed of just defeat.
Sound aloud the silver tocsin,
Rally, freemen, to the polls;
See where gallant Fitz is leading,
There the tide of victory rolls.

From November's hills all golden,
Fitz will view his Austerlitz,
And "poor Seitz," ah, sad! behold him,
All convulsed with "silver fits."

Down the hills of East Kentucky,
"Silvery" notes of victory ring;
Fitz is "flying," Seitz is dying,
Hurrah! Let the welkin ring.

Campton, Ky. H. M. S.

Thanksgiving Ladies' Home Journal.

The Thanksgiving Ladies' Home Journal marks the 15th anniversary of that widely read magazine, which now sells 850,000 copies each month, and its editor reviews its past under the unique heading, "Fifteen Years of Mistakes," revealing his plans for its improvement and for its greater usefulness in the future. A page of illustrations admirably typifies "Thanksgiving in the Country," and another of photographs is filled with suggestions for decorations, etc., for "Thanksgiving in the Church." "The Anecdotal Side of Mr. Moody" reveals the chief characteristics of the great evangelist in a succession of interesting stories, and "My First Fight in the Jungle" is Henry M. Stanley's narrative of the first of his journeys into Africa. "How Richard Wagner Wrote His Operas' gives the nearest, clearest and most interesting view of the famous composer that has yet been written. In "A Polish Fantasy" is told, in a beautiful and pathetic story, the early career of Paderewski.

The first chapters of Mary E. Wilkins' new serial are among the fiction features. Miss Wilkins reverses the novelist's usual order, and makes ludicrous the mistakes of city people in the country. Another that will be followed with keen interest is "The Girls of Camp Arcady," also beginning in the November issue. It is a sparkling, vivacious narrative of four girl breadwinners who live together in a New York flat. "The Minister of Carthage" grows in interest, and "The Silk-Lined Girl" is a fascinating piece of short romance. There are innumerable useful, practical articles. Of special interest to women is "Prize Dollar Dinners" for four people. By the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia. One Dollar per year; 10 cents per copy.

SCATTERING SHOTS

Fired at the "Broom-Corn Bird" of Illinois From the Gatling Gun of Our Clifty Correspondent.

TOLIVER, KY., Oct. 31.

Col. Cooper—Dear Sir: As I am about 7000 miles from nowhere in my humble home situated upon the east bank of "Every Man's Branch," where the sun rarely ever deserts us. Even if the clouds gather thick about our heads and the rain descends, Mr. Sun soon beats back the dark clouds and shines more brilliantly than ever. It is said the effect of the sun after a storm, makes the people more genial and cheerful. Certainly this must account for the delightful qualities of the homes in this outward part of the world, (the Clifty district). As I am thus situated I will while away some of the sweetest moments of life by writing to the "Dear Old HERALD," "the newsiest Free Silver Democratic sheet" in Eastern Kentucky.

I noticed in last week's issue an article written by my far away but very dear friend, Edward Taulbee. His was a well composed letter. He has been raised in pomp and splendor, with a grammar in one hand and a spelling book in the other, 'though it seems that the canary had sung itself quite out of tune, or lost some of its gay plumage. It would indeed be useless for me to present myself against the distinguished gentleman (the broom-corn bird), whose spicy letter you have just read, if this was a measuring of ability, but it is not. The weakest man in all this land, when clothed in the armor of a just cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error they can bring.

I have come to speak in defense of myself. Perhaps some would say, Why is it he does not respond? Well, the still sow drinks the slop, you know, and as it is all drunk up, I will say only this: Ed, don't be too hasty in voting for me. Wait until I am old enough to appreciate it, say 50 years, anyhow. I hope by the expiration of 50 or 100 years I shall have a knowledge of the laws of this glorious country of ours. That I may by then climb the political ladder—"not at one single bound"—and step off the top round safe upon the Elysian fields of true Democracy, closely followed by the canary corker. While this is only hope, it is a God-given anchor, freely and equally bestowed upon the children of men. It is given to all; none left void of consecrated influence. There are none in this life, however wretched, but hope at some future time their situation may change and that bright days may sweetly dawn; that they may make their mark high. Such is the experience of ye scribe, and I will live in hopes though I die in despair. And we do not know what victory is until our cause is just as good in defeat as in victory.

Now, ye able pen-pusher of the West, provided you don't want to sweep me into oblivion, after you have perused my letter you may, if you desire, keep the ball a rollin', for there is nothing like keepin' things a-goin', nohow.

BANFORD MANNIN,
Not of Clifty, but rather the Hazel Green precinct.

MRS. ALICE FRAZIER,

A Native of Hazel Green, Has a Class of Sixty Scholars in the Sunday School at Bushton, Ill.

BUSHTON, ILL., Oct. 24.

Mr. Editor Cooper: Here is a clipping taken from the Charleston Courier, written by a very bright little girl, and if you will, I would be pleased to see it in your paper, as I believe it would interest a great many friends of mine and also her's This country out here has a great many bright and sweet little girls and boys. I have 60 under my care each Lord's day, and many more I expect to gather in. The general average of attendance in my class is 40, and it has increased so fast, and is still increasing, that the good fathers and mothers are going to build us a room onto the church.

With love and best wishes to my friends of Kentucky, my native home, that I always have a warm place in my heart for, and that I love so well. MRS. T. E. FRAZIER.

"A Pleasant Day.

"A few days ago, Mrs. Alice Frazier, or 'Aunt Alice,' as we call her, teacher of the primary class in the Bushton Sunday school, sent out invitations to 60 to meet at her home on Oct. 8. Each girl was to bring a cake of her own baking and each boy was to bring a pound of something to eat; our mothers were invited to go with us. There were 44 of the class there and 15 of the mothers. Besides the cakes and pounds, we surprised her with a little present which each of us helped to buy. She could not express her thanks to us for this.

"She had prepared a nice dinner for us and some of the mothers brought well-filled baskets with good things to eat. After dinner was over, we were taken into the parlor, where Miss Henley, of Charleston, gave us some excellent music. After that, our teacher called us in the yard and had us pin tails on a donkey. She gave prizes to the one who pinned it nearest the right place. After the children had tried this, the mothers were blindfolded and tried it, and oh, you never saw a donkey have tails in so many places! Aunt Ella Jane O'Hair won first prize. Well, Uncle Jesse keeps some donkeys and I guess that is the reason she knows where to put the tail.

"We children had speeches, songs and prayer. Our teacher said it was the happiest day of her life. We hope we may all live to spend many more such days with one we love so well.

"FANNIE JAMES, Age 10."

Where Are You, Mr. Seitz?

Democracy rings clear upon the question of territorial expansion. She can not consistently favor it. If the charges of corruption and oppression that are laid at the door of the Republican party are true; if the monopolies, Hanna and the poverty-making gold bugs are so mercilessly oppressing the people, why add more people to be oppressed? If we can't have a people's government in our present territory, what assurance have we that the addition of several million densely ignorant voters will accomplish it? If we must have letters patent from "Urup" before we do anything now, where will the authority lie when the Negroes, Malays, Hottentots, lepers, Japanese, Portugese, Chinese and Spaniards become voters? Territorial expansion means the addition of these, the addition of these means more and denser ignorance, more ignorance means the perpetuation of Republicanism, Republicanism means more poverty and suffering. Where are you, Mr. Seitz?—Frenchburg Agitator.

Valuable Property For Sale.

Residence in Winchester, 11 rooms, lot 60x210, in best part of town, stable, &c. Magnificent property. Price $5,500. Address or call on T. M. Morrow, Winchester or Jackson.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

WOLFE COUNTY.

CAMPTON CURRENCY.

Frank Stamper has moved to town.

John Robinson, of your place, was the guest of C. C. Wireman Sunday.

G. W. Robinson and family visited relatives in Lee county last week.

Henry Matlock, of Knoxville, was registered at the Combs House Saturday night.

Mrs. Rosa Collier has gone to Elkatawa to attend the bedside of her sick husband.

Hon. A. H. Stamper, of this place, has just returned from Louisville, where he has been on business.

The Second Kentucky infantry was musterod out Saturday and will vote against Algerism on the 8th of November.

T. K. Tutt, Jr., and Rev. J. W. Doan, of Spradling, took G. H. and Roe Fulks and Ben Gosney to Berea college last week.

Major Seitz, Republican candidate for congress, passed through this place Friday, bidding his friends good-bye before starting up Salt River.

The old parsonage of the Methodist church, South, now owned by G. B. Rose of this place, and occupied by Mrs. Sydney Cable, was destroyed by fire Friday. No insurance.

Oct. 31. SUPPLE JACK.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

MORGAN COUNTY.

MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

Mrs. Hughes still remains rather low.

Miss Lillie Patrick is quite sick at present.

Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Oakley is still in a critical condition.

Mrs. Sarah Wills and little daughter Ruth went to Hazel Green Sunday.

Revs. McQuinn and Miller held a series of very interesting meetings at this place Saturday and Sunday.

The telephone is now up and we are glad to know we can speak with friends at both Hazel Green and points below.

Pearl Day, from Hazel Green, spent from Saturday to Monday with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Wills.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

THE NEW WAY.

WOMEN used to think "female diseases" could only be treated after "local examinations" by physicians. Dread of such treatment kept thousands of modest women silent about their suffering. The introduction of Wine of Cardui has now demonstrated that nine-tenths of all the cases of menstrual disorders do not require a physician's attention at all. The simple, pure

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

taken in the privacy of a women's own home insures quick relief and speedy cure. Women need not hesitate now. Wine of Cardui requires no humiliating examinations for its adoption. It cures any disease that comes under the head of "female troubles"—disordered menses, falling of the womb, "whites," change of life. It makes women beautiful by making them well. It keeps them young by keeping them healthy. $1.00 at the drug store.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

W. I. ADDISON, M.D., Cary, Miss., says: "I use Wine of Cardui extensively in my practice and find it a most exceptional preparation for female troubles."

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

FORECAST.

Take back, take back the harsh word now
Consider it unspoken;
Break, break, though late, the angry vow
That better far were broken.

The stream of death will bear away
The object of thy passion;
Oh, then, obliterate to-day
The thought of his transgression.

Forget the little ill, revealed
As though by hate's intention;
Remember all the good, concealed
As though by love's invention.

The hour may come when thou wilt stand
Unsheltered, and unshriven;
Forgiveness' price is in thy hand,
To-day let it be given.

With hatred in the heart at last
Bethink thee of his terror
Whose alienated gaze were cast
On love's eternal mirror.

Thou might'st endure the sight of woe—
The scoffing—the derision—
But where thou dost expect to go
How couldst thou bear the vision?
—Edward N. Pomeroy, in Youth's Companion.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyrighted, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam, (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. It is during the convalescing period that the conversation with which the next chapter opens takes place between Capt. Tremaine and his wife.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"You know he was engaged—to somebody—east, and it was broken off," said Mrs. Tremaine, "and I hadn't thought of danger until just a day or two ago. Now—if he's going next week, as he says—and she has learned to care for him, what can we do?"

"He is going next week," said Tremaine. "He told me yesterday he ought to go now, and wished to go now. It was Wells who forbade. But Grafton always liked Merriam and Hayne believes in him. Our Florence might do worse, Dot."

"But do you understand?" she said, "do you realize that, just from proximity perhaps, Florence may have learned to care for him, while he is still thinking of his lost love?"

"You mean that—you think it all Florence and not Merriam?" he asked, starting back, and holding her from him, and looking with amaze and incredulity into her eyes—straight into her anxious, tearful face. "Why, Dot, it isn't possible! She—he—he must have learned to care for her. It couldn't be otherwise. Only I hadn't thought of Floy except as a child, and I wasn't prepared."

Like many another father, to whom a daughter is as the apple of the eye, Tremaine could see no fault, no failing in his child. To him she was the fairest, as she was the best, fondest, most dutiful girl in the whole army. One of his favorite plans had been to take her to West Point the previous summer, and let her, as he said to himself, "paralyze the corps." One of the sweet dreams he had often dreamed was of the evening when, with Florence on his arm, he should reenter the old mess hall, which he had not visited since it was bravely decked for the 28th of August hop, the year of his marriage. He had promised to take her thither for the graduating ball, and had pictured her as the belle of the occasion, sought eagerly by the cadets as their partner for waltz or "two-step;" and, as in his eyes she was the most perfect creature that ever lived or moved, his one anxiety was lest the boys in gray, always susceptible, should forget that Floy was only a child and fall in love with her forthwith. It never occurred to him as a possibility that Floy in her turn might fall in love. But there was no delicious visit for Florence to the Point that year. The moment examinations were over at school her mother started with her for the far west, and Tremaine met them at Santa Fe Junction. Then, after one brief week at Sedgwick, they had started for the cantonment, and there had led their uneventful life until the coming of Randy Merriam, prostrate, with the days of another June. And now, while Florence was in tears and hiding in her pretty room above stairs, this errant, erring, invalid warrior, with no word or sign of being himself sorely heart-smitten, was determinedly talking of going back forthwith to the mountain trails. Tremaine would not let his beloved helpmeet speak, either to Florence or to Merriam, but he fully meant to say more words than one to Merriam himself, and then he bethought him of Dalrymple, and the famous frock that doughty major donned whenever he sallied forth to ask the intentions of O'Malley's dashing light dragoons, and this reflection gave him pause. If, either by accident or design, the heart of his precious child had become wrapped up in Merriam, then Merriam should not leave the post without an explanation. But there was yet time. It might be that the poor fellow was really sore smitten himself, and that the tender but unconquered heart of his daughter was touched with pity for his suffering.

Meantime the culprit officer himself had been carefully lifted into the doctor's buggy, and with that excellent practitioner was enjoying a drive. The one thing Wells could not understand was that, while his patient rapidly gained in health, flesh and appetite, he seemed so to droop in spirits. Not one word had he been told of Merriam's broken engagement, beyond what Mrs. Tremaine had imparted, and she could give but scanty information. Merriam was grateful for all the care and attention lavished upon him, grateful for returning strength, for sunshine, fresh air, and the brisk drive along the shores of the winding Catamount, but Merriam was silent, smiled but seldom, and laughed not at all. Merriam was plainly troubled, and that night when Mrs. Tremaine asked her friend, the doctor, how his patient enjoyed the drive, that gentleman replied that if it did him good he gave no sign. "I believe," said he, "that Merriam's in love, and that's why I cannot understand his eagerness to get back to his troop." And the mother leaped with hope. She, too, had had other plans for Florence than that she should marry a subaltern officer; but if by chance Floy had chosen for herself and fallen in love with one, it could not have been without some persuasion, some pleading on his part. It must be that he was the first to love and to plainly show it.

That night Florence was very quiet. She read aloud to her father, as was her custom, and clung to him as he kissed her good-night. Merriam had gone early to his room, as though fatigued by the drive or rendered drowsy by the unaccustomed motion in the air. Somewhere about three in the morning there was an unusual sound of voices in excited talk near the guardhouse, and Tremaine awoke and was dressing hurriedly, when rapid steps came up the walk, and the sergeant of the guard, with a dust-covered courier, stood at his door. They bore a note from Whittaker. A serious row had occurred between some of the troop and a party of miners and prospectors who had been camping near them for three days. Pistols were drawn, with the result that one miner was killed, two troopers and one prospector were seriously, perhaps mortally, wounded, and several others were injured. Could Dr. Wells come out to them at once for a few hours, at least, and was Merriam able to ride? The young prospector who was so seriously wounded had begged to see him, as he had important information for him, and bade them tell Mr. Merriam that his name was McLane, a son of the man who was about to marry Miss Hayward. A pencilled note in a closed envelope accompanied the verbal message for Merriam.

Florence, listening at her half-open door as the captain read Whittaker's dispatch aloud to her mother, shrank back to her bedside, covered her face with her hands and sank to her knees. It was thus she was found a few moments later. Merriam, aroused by the unaccustomed sounds, had lighted his candle and, partially dressed, came forth into the broad hallway of the commanding officer's quarters, and Tremaine met and gave him the message and the note, which latter Randy tore open and read with staring eyes. For a moment he stood confounded, then turned sharply to Tremaine: "Now, sir, I've got to go, and go at once—when Wells does," then turned and hurried to his room.

The captain himself aroused his post surgeon, told him the news, and bade him see and quiet Merriam as soon as possible. The dawn was breaking, and the rosy light was in the eastern sky when the doctor reached his patient, finding him fully dressed and rapidly stowing in his saddle-bags the simple articles of a soldier's toilet.

"This won't do, Randy. You're not fit to stir," said he. But his determination oozed when Merriam, with white face, turned and said:

"More than my life's at stake here, doctor—it's a woman's honor, and I'm going, live or die."

CHAPTER IV.

Strange to say, the journey back to the Mescalero seemed to benefit rather than injure Merriam. The doctor vainly endeavored to restrain him—to induce him to shorten the long days' marches, but Merriam declared he was never so well as when in the saddle, and that nothing wearied him so much as waiting. If anything, he seemed less jaded than his physician when, on the third day, they reached the bivouac of the little command, and Billy Whittaker welcomed them to a supper of bacon and frijoles, and calmed Merriam's feverish impatience by the news that the civilian who had so desired to see him was still alive, conscious, but sinking rather than gaining. The miners' camp was a mile away. The dead had been buried, and the feud dropped with the brief prayers with which the bullet-riddled body was consigned to earth. Wells' first duty lay with the two troopers, who were in bitter plight, and no morsel of food passed his lips until he had ministered to them. Then Merriam had to wait until he had swallowed some coffee, and then, taking Whittaker with them, they rode forward to a branch of the canyon, where at nightfall they came in view of the fires of the little camp. Wells made prompt examination of the wounded man, and came out from the rude shelter under which he lay, glanced at Whittaker and shook his head. Presently, with a dazed look on his face, Merriam reappeared. "Billie," said he, "stand here and see that there are no eavesdroppers. I—know some of this poor fellow's people, and he has messages to send." The two or three hangers-on took the hint and slouched away. "I may need you to witness his statement later," he whispered. "Come in if I call, but let no one else hear us."

For half an hour the low murmur of voices came from within the "shack," as darkness settled down upon the scene. Then both Wells and Whittaker were summoned, and by the dim light of a camp lantern they knelt beside the pallet of the dying man. "You know both these gentlemen, by reputation, at least," said Merriam, gently, though his eyes were gleaming, his lips quivering, and his hands trembling with some strong and strange emotion. "In their presence I desire you to read over this statement that I have written from your dictation. If it's entirely right, say so, sign it, and they will witness your signature, but will have no knowledge of its contents."

For a few minutes hardly a sound save the deep breathing of three powerful, soldierly men and the feeble gasping of the sufferer broke the stillness of the rude shelter. The wounded man lay propped on Merriam's shoulder, but, through weakness from his long illness and the mental excitement of the moment, the latter's trembling grew so marked that Whittaker quickly slipped his left arm under the drooping head and drew his friend away. McLane seemed to gain strength from the vigor of this new support, though he could do no more than whisper thanks. Presently he beckoned to Merriam and pointed to a line on the page.

"I said she was over 43—" he began, then Merriam's hand was slipped over his mouth.

"I'll make any corrections you wish, but do not speak of what is there," said he, and with his fountain pen he erased a word and wrote another. Then the

"Do not speak of what is there."

sufferer nodded. "It is all right now," he whispered, and, taking the pen, was lifted to a half-sitting posture and feebly, scratchily wrote as follows: "John Harold McLane, Jr., aged 25; born June 1, 1867, Sacramento, Cal. Died June —, 1892, Mescalero mountains, N. M." Then, dropping the pen, he fell back to his rude pillow, panting and exhausted. Wells quickly gave him stimulant; then he and Whittaker affixed their names as witnesses. A moment later, while the surgeon remained with his patient, the two young officers clasped hands outside.

"You're weak as a child yet, Randy. What is it, old boy?"

"My God! I can't afford to be weak now," was the fierce answer. "I've got to act—to do as I never did before. How long should it take our best rider, our lightest rider, to reach the railway? Telegrams must go east at once."

"If he take the back trail—the one you came in by from Sedgwick—five days and nights, least count. If he go around by the cantonment for fresh horses, perhaps seven."

"My God! my God!" cried Merriam. "Even two days may be too long. You're in command, Billy. I can give no orders, but that courier must start before moonrise to-night. Don't ask me to tell you why."

And within the hour, with a sealed packet addressed to Capt. Lawrence Hayne, —th infantry, Fort Sedgwick, a slim little Irish trooper was loping, all alone, jauntily back toward the valley of the Bravo, smacking his lips in anticipation of the good liquor awaiting him at Santa Fe Junction the moment his duty was done. Five days and nights had he before him of lonely ride through a desolate, almost desert land, stopping only when necessary to feed and water and rub down his horse, build his little fire and cook his slab of bacon and brew the battered pot of coffee, and snatch such sleep under the stars as was possible, braving Indians, rattlesnakes or mountain lions without a tremor, for the sake of an Irishman's pride in his troop, his love of dangerous duty and his full assurance of a good time at the journey's end.

Another day and a rude grave was dug in the canyon, and the doctor read the simple service of the church over the shrouded form of the young prospector; and then, against that doctor's wishes, but not without his reluctant consent, Lieut. Merriam, with an escort of two troopers, started in person to ride by the shortest trail to Sedgwick.

It was now the 6th of June. It would take him nearly a week to reach and cross the Santa Clara. It might take him eight days to Sedgwick, and every hour seemed a day. Meantime Dr. Wells set about having litters made for the two wounded troopers, and by the tenth of the month had them safely in hospital at the cantonment. He found Tremaine looking anxious, even angered. Mrs. Tremaine troubled on more than one account, apparently, and Florence pale and languid.

"Did Mr. Merriam send no letter?" asked Mrs. Tremaine, after he had told something of their experiences.

"There was no time to write. He begged me to give you his love and gratitude, to give it to all, and to say he would write in full the moment he got to Sedgwick. Oh, yes, he is better—much better, but the nervous strain may bring on a return of the fever," said the doctor. Something of solemn consequence, Wells knew not what, had carried Merriam back to the railway. He might have to go east at once.

But Randy never reached the railway. Hayne received and read in startled amaze the contents of the packet brought by the courier, and sent at once from the Junction two telegraphic messages—one to Mr. Ned Parry, of the firm of Graeme, Rayburn & Parry, of Chicago; the other to Mr. Abraham Mellen, New York city; received from the latter neither acknowledgment nor reply, and from the former the brief words: "The marriage took place 48 hours ago."

Without any delay, taking only a single orderly, Capt. Hayne rode away northwestward, past the Santa Clara, past the old Mission, and so mountainward until the blue barrier of the Mescalero turned to gray and green, and, almost within its shadows, just as the second setting sun dropped behind its massive crest, he met the trio from the Catamount—Merriam, a haggard, but determined rider, far in the lead. There was no time for salutation.

"What answer?" demanded the lieutenant, abruptly and with wide, burning, bloodshot eyes.

"Too late," said Hayne, "too late by 48 hours."

"You don't mean," gasped Merriam "that they are married already?"

"That's what Parry wires," was the brief response. "Here's the dispatch."

For a moment Merriam sat in saddle a dazed, stupefied look in his bloodless face. Then his eyes closed and he seemed about to swoon. Hayne sprang from his parting horse just as Merriam's wearied escorts came lumbering to the spot. Together they lifted him from his seat and bore him to a little patch of grass, bathed his temples from their canteens and gave him a goutte of cognac. They made what frontier troops call a "dry camp" that night, just there where the two parties met. There was fuel, a little grass, but no water beyond what they had in their canteens, and with the contents of one of these Hayne brewed a pot of tea while one of the men cooked their frugal supper. They needed no other canopy than that of the heavens in that rare, dry atmosphere, and with the stars for night lights and the waning moon to peep in upon their slumbers later and start the gaunt coyotes at their querulous, unregarded serenade, the troopers slept, or seemed to sleep, until dawn. Twice Hayne awoke to find Merriam staring with burning eyes at the radiant vault aloft, but he wanted nothing, needed nothing. He could not sleep for thinking, he explained, and when the morning came the fever was with him again, and Corporal Tracy galloped northward along the foothills, a long day's ride, to fetch once more the doctor from the cantonment, and with Wells came the ambulance. The cantonment lay 50 miles away to the north, Sedgwick a hundred to the southeast. It was the nearest port in the storm.

This time Tremaine would have had fitted up for him a room in the big, airy hospital, but his better-half intervened.

"It would never do after our having had him here before," she said. "He must have his old room under our roof and everything he had before—except Florence."

But when, after ten days of burning fever and desperate illness, Randolph Merriam seemed again to realize where he was, and how weak he was, and how good they had been to him, the first name he whispered, the first thing he asked for, looked for, seemed to long for was Florence—and they let her come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Parting Admonition.

The following amusing passage took place between counsel and witness in a disputed will case.

"Did your father give you no parting admonition?"

"He never gave much away at any time."

"I mean to say what were his last words?"

"They don't concern you."

"They not only concern me, sir," said the barrister severely, "but they concern the whole court."

"Oh, all right," was the reply. Father said, 'Don't have no trouble when I'm gone, Jim, 'cos lawyers is the biggest thieves unhung.'"—Leisure Hours.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

He—"I anticipate every wish of yours." She—"Well, I wish you wouldn't. Now anticipate that."—Town Topics.

"You had better not go bathing with Ada," said Tommy to his sister's fiance. "Why not, Tommy?" "'Cause I heard her say she intended to throw you overboard soon."—Tit-Bits.

"Would you want to marry a man before he went to the war or wait until he returned?" asked the blond. "Before, of course," said the brunette. "How else could you get the pension?"—Town Topics.

Mere Upstairs.—Little Edna—"I guess the Rockachaps haven't been rich very long." Little Winnie—"Why?" Little Edna—"They call the meal they eat at six o'clock supper."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

First Little Girl—"H'm! We've got water in every room in our house." Second Ditto—"What an awful house to live in! We've got water only in the cellar in our house, and I know that's bad enough."—Boston Transcript.

Printer's Fault.—Watts—"How do you understand that expression of Shakespeare's 'go to'?" Potts—"It is my idea that it arose fro mthe printers not knowing the use of the dash when his works were first published."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Take it away!" shouted the king of Bkploo. "What on earth is the matter with the meat? Are you trying to poison me?" "It must have been," the chief humbly explained, "that the gentleman I cooked this afternoon was a bitter sectarian."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Father," said a cobbler's lad, as he was pegging away at an old shoe, with a longing glance at the stream that wimpled past the cabin door, "they say that trout bite good now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "you stick to your work, and they won't bite you."—Household Words.

NEW GERMAN SABBATH

The Moral of It Seems to Be Either Go to Church or Stay Safely at Home in Bed.

Remember the Sabbath day. In Berlin one is not very likely to forget it. When we read the newest police regulations affecting the outer observance of Sundays and holy days one feels that the Scotch Sabbath is not in it. It is the Glasgow Sunday of Rob Roy, when a man might be arrested for idling in kirk time.

The first restrictions quoted seem mild, perhaps even salutary. All noisy trades and callings are forbidden during the hours of morning service so far as they interfere with the Sunday rest. The beer wagon may not wag, and the roll wagon may not roll, the furniture van must not rumble down the peaceful streets, and people may not change houses on Sunday morning. But who that could pay his rent would want to?

Soon, however, we come to a stricter ruling. On Sundays, days of penitence, and through Passion week, private festivities are forbidden if they interfere with such days. Into the house the police don't exactly intrude, but if the different flats fail to agree on the question, then the police right comes in again. And finally here is the gem of the whole document. People are graciously permitted to tend and water their flowers in their gardens and balconies on any hour of Sunday except the hours of morning Divine service—then they mayn't. The moral of it all seems to be—either go to church or keep safely in bed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Spain Really a Gainer.

Spain, in reality, loses little by this war except some ships. Cuba she had made worthless to herself and to the rest of the world. The Philippines were rapidly approaching the same condition. Since the war began she has not sent a soldier nor a musket to Cuba, and she has some of the soldiers already there returned to her on a pass. She spent some money in tolls for the passage of her fleet through the Suez canal, but the crews can say with the old whaler captain in the story that though they did not "get any oil" they had "a mighty fine sail." Her colonies have never been in the true sense outlets for superflous population, nor yet commercial feeders. They have been a source of deep-seated civil corruption. Spain has a large, industrious and thrifty home population and a diversified territory, part of it agriculturally productive, part rich in minerals. Her coast population are admirable sailors, and she is favorably situated for commerce. If she will abandon her medieval methods there is no reason why in ten years she should not find herself more prosperous than she has been since the fifteenth century.—Hartford Courant.

Wilhelmina's Oath.

"I swear to the people of the Netherlands to observe and maintain the fundamental laws of the constitution. I swear to defend and to preserve to the best of my ability the independence and the integrity of the kingdom, to safeguard public and individual liberties, as well as the rights of all my subjects, and to apply to the task of fostering the prosperity of the nation all the means which the law places at my disposal, as it is the duty of a good queen to do. And may God help me in this."—Ladies' Home Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

If it were not for the salts in the ocean, the whole sea would soon become a mass of corruption, owing to the decay of the organic matter it contains.

It has been calculated that ordinary gunpowder, on exploding, expands about 9,000 times, or fills a space this much larger as a gas than when in a solid form.

It is frequently observed that as twilight comes on, red objects lose their color sooner than others, finally appearing black, while other colors are still visible.

A German biologist has calculated that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die and are succeeded by new ones every day. At this rate we get an entirely new brain every 60 days.

While building the railway up the Swiss Gorner Grat, about 10,000 feet above sea level, it was ascertained that the altitude and mountain sickness reduced the laboring capacity of the men by one-third.

The head has 77 muscles—eight for the eyes and eyelids, one for the nose, eight for the lips, eight for the jaw, 11 for the tongue, 11 for the larynx, 11 for the ear, 17 for motions of the head and neck, one to move the hairy scalp, one for the eyebrows.

An explosive of great power is made by pouring liquid air containing 40 to 50 per cent. of oxygen on granulated wood charcoal mixed with cotton wool. In thick cardboard cases it retains its explosive power for five to ten minutes. It is being tried at Munich and in a coal mine at Pensburg.

The plan of Herr Carl Wagener for avoiding smoke consists in the use of pulverized coal and a special feeder which sifts the dust over the entire fire, causing it to be at once inflamed without smoke and with very little ash. This also effects a considerable saving of fuel, and opens a way for utilizing the waste coal dust of mines and storage places.

NAMED AFTER BISMARCK.

Death of the Great Statesman Recalls the Founding of a Dakota Town.

The death of Bismarck recalls to mind the fact that the capital of North Dakota was named in his honor. This was done not because of any German settlement in that vicinity, but because of a desire on the part of the directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad company to recognize his great abilities displayed in the Franco-Prussian war. An added reason, no doubt, was the fact that German and Austrian capital had been secured for the Northern Pacific railroad, and it was a compliment to these investors also. The crossing of the Missouri river by this pioneer railway company was a proud step and at this time, 1873, Bismarck's was the greatest name in the political world. To the letter notifying Bismarck of this honor the great chancellor wrote the following reply:

"Berlin, May 19, 1873.—Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th of last month inclosing a copy of a resolution of the board of directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad company, to the effect that the town at the crossing of the Missouri river by that road shall be named Bismarck. I beg you will be good enough to convey to the gentlemen on behalf of whom you write my sincere thanks for so flattering a compliment and to assure them that I am very grateful for the terms in which they speak of the service I have been able to do to my country and to those interests which are common to all nations. Accept, together with my best wishes for the prosperity of your undertaking, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

"V. BISMARCK.

"Samuel Wilkeson, Esq., Secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, New York."

This was the first city in the United States to bear Bismarck's name. Since that time, however, 12 other post offices in this country have received this name, but they are chiefly small places of little consequence.—Boston Transcript.

To Arrange Bric-a-Brac.

Authorities upon decoration declare that there should be a culminating spot in the ornamentation of a room. In the ordinary room this culminating center is the fireplace and its mantel. Naturally, therefore, this is the place for the display of the choicest bits of bric-a-brac, and, generally speaking, of the smallest. In arranging these ornaments it is helpful to bear in mind the general rule that bronze requires a strong light, and that marble and delicately tinted china demand half shadow. Whatever the bric-a-brac, and wherever placed, it should always be kept exquisitely clean.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Women as Business Advisers.

It is said that the only two countries where women are the leaders and men in leading strings are France and the United States. Frenchmen comment on the fact that English and American women often are utterly ignorant as to whether their husbands are making or losing money, while the Frenchwoman, even in business, is her husband's adviser, and is made his confidante in regard to all his business transactions. The critics think that the different positions occupied by American and English women are due largely to education, boys and girls being educated in the same schools in America.—N. Y. Tribune.

FELL FROM A SCAFFOLD.

From the Herald, Watertown, N. Y.

John Young, of Le Roy, N. Y., is 72 years old, and is well known in that and neighboring towns. While putting some weather boards on a barn, standing on a scaffold twenty-two feet from the ground, he felt dizzy, lost his balance and fell to the ground. The side of his face, arm and one entire side of his body, on which he struck, were badly bruised. Picked up and carried to the house, he was under a doctor's care for several weeks. The doctor finally came to the conclusion that his patient had received a stroke of paralysis and was beyond medical aid. He could not use one arm, or turn over in bed.

Paralyzed by the Fall.

One day, while lying on the bed, he read of a case something like his having been cured with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He coaxed his granddaughter to get him a box of the pills. After that box had been used he secured another. In three weeks he began to feel a little life in his arm; at the end of four he could move his fingers; at the end of two months he could walk, and in three months he could shave himself with the injured hand.

As he told his story in the Herald office, he looked the perfect picture of health. He carries a box of the pills in his pocket, and whenever he does not feel just right, he takes them. They cured him after doctors had given him up, and his death was daily expected.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

A SMALL BOY'S SCHEME.

He Had an Idea About Eggs Which Promised a Splendid Result to His Mind.

A small boy who is not familiar with rural ways was taken by his fond mamma for a brief stay in the country.

On a farm in a neighboring county he waxed fat and sunburnt, and picked up a wondrous store of astonishing experiences.

One day the farmer smilingly said to his mother:

"Just ask your boy what he hid two eggs in the stable for?"

So the very first opportunity the mother said to the six-year-old:

"My dear, what did you do with those eggs you took from the hen house?"

"Oh, mamma," replied the boy, "I didn't want you to know about it."

"Why, it's all right," said mamma. "I only want to know what my boy did with them."

"I hid them in the stable," said the little fellow.

"And what for?"

"'Cause it's my scheme."

"Your scheme? And what is your scheme?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said the little philosopher, "when eggs is borned in a chicken house they is always little chickens, an' I fink if they was borned in a stable dey might be little horses!"

It is needless to add that up to the time of his leaving the farm the miracle was still unaccomplished.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tickets.

When a manufacturer has succeeded in making his name a guarantee of the excellence of his goods he has reached the highest point attainable in the commercial world. As an example the name of Wm. Simpson & Sons on any fabric is a guarantee of the highest standard of quality, color and finish. Every piece of their goods bears a ticket on which appears the name William Simpson & Sons. This insures the quality. Dealers who have sold and women who have bought and worn the material made by that house are assured of the excellence of every piece of goods which bears the name, and the women of the United States who have worn Simpson's prints as long as they can remember are still wearing them and will naturally insist upon having the goods bearing that particular name on the ticket because they give the most perfect satisfaction.

Dudekins—"Did you tell your sister I'm here?" Freddy—"Yep." Dudekins—"What did she say?" Freddy—"She said: 'The idea!'"—Truth.

Papa's Idea.—Harry—"Papa, what is the still, small voice?" Papa—"It's the voice in which your mother makes suggestions to the cook."—Chicago News.

Professor—"What happens to gold when it is exposed to the air?" Student (after long reflection)—"It's stolen."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Murray—"Give me tin cints wort' av ham." Grocer—"Sugar-cured, madam?" Mrs. Murray—"No! I want some thot has nivir bin disazed."—Judge.

"There is some analogy between the American campaign in Cuba and the Anglo-Egyptian campaign in Nubia," remarked the snake editor to the horse editor. "How so?" "You know that we had to issue rations to the Cubans." "Yes." "Well, Gen. Kitchener gave the dervishes a roast."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Traveled Barber—"Took my holiday a weeks ago, sir; three days on the Continong, sir; Antwerp, etc." Customer—"Ah! Then you saw the Hotel de Ville and all the sights?" Traveled Barber—"Hotel de Ville! Ah, ha! Well, we thought it was a hotel, but it isn't; and when we called for drinks the old lady said we couldn't have any!"—Fun.

"When Europe finally decides to disarm," he said, thoughtfully. "Well?" they said, inquiringly, as he paused. "Spain will have the satisfaction of knowing that, so far as she is concerned, part of her work is already done."—Chicago Evening Post.

"Chollie says he is in favor of expansion." "How on earth did he ever happen to have an idea on the subject?" "I don't know, but I think it struck him as something swell."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wife—"John, is it true that you invited our cook's soldier lover to my birthday dinner?" Husband—"Certainly. I did not want him to get the best morsels of every dish."—Fliegende Blaetter.

WHAT THEY EXPECT.

An Instance of the Unreasonable Expectations of Some New Women.

She was a new woman and was rather proud of the fact that she had a place in the world of business that enabled her to regard herself as being on an equality with man. But there was one thing that annoyed her.

"I go down on the car early every morning," she said, "with a young man who lives a little farther out than I do, and I don't mind saying that he doesn't know what courtesy and gentlemanliness is."

"What does he do?" inquired her big brother, who doesn't think very much of new women, anyway, and is consequently opposed to his sister being in the world of business.

"It isn't what he does," she replied; "it's what he doesn't do. Time and again he has let me stand up all the way downtown, when it would seem as if the very least he could have done was to get up and offer me his seat."

"That is wrong, isn't it?" returned the big brother.

"It's contemptible selfishness; that's what it is," she answered.

"The fact that he is in possession of a seat," went on the big brother, "of course does not entitle him to it if a fellow clerk of the opposite sex happens to want it. And yet men in business will do those things. Why, I know a girl who has twice the grievance you have in that line."

"What's happened to her?" she asked.

"Man there first and refused to give up when she came along," he explained.

"Give up his seat?"

"No; give up his job. She has discovered that it would just about suit her, but the great big brute of a man hasn't chivalry and courtesy enough to get up from his desk, bow politely and say: 'Madam, permit me to offer you my job.' Actually, he just hangs right on to it himself and lets her go hunting round for something to do. Most ungentlemanly, isn't it? But, do you know, I think the old-fashioned courtesy is—"

However, she did not wait to hear about that. She merely said he was a mean thing and didn't understand what was due to a lady at all. And he himself admits that constantly changing conditions make it mighty hard to find out.—Chicago Post.

PRACTICAL KINDNESS.

One Hundred Thousand Grateful Soldiers.

These war times have tried men's souls in many unexpected ways, but like a shaft of sunshine and good cheer out of the cloud of privation and endurance has been the work that The American Tobacco Co. has done among the U. S. Soldiers and Sailors ever since the war began—for when they discovered that the camps and hospitals were not supplied with tobacco they decided to provide them, free of cost, with enough for every man, and have already given outright to our Soldiers and Sailors over one hundred thousand pounds of "Bat-Ax Plug" and "Duke's Mixture" Smoking Tobacco, and have bought and distributed fifty thousand briar wood pipes, at a total cost of between fifty and sixty thousand dollars.

This work has been done quietly and thoroughly, by establishing headquarters in each camp, so that every camp and every hospital of the United States Army has been supplied with enough tobacco for every man and the sailors on thirty United States Ships in Cuban waters have shared with the soldiers this most welcome of all "rations."

Perhaps it will be only fair to remember when we hear the remark again that "corporations have no souls," that there is one American corporation whose soul has been tried and has not been found wanting in "practical kindness."

"There goes another camp victim." "Why, he isn't a soldier." "No, but he camped out this summer and got engaged to a girl."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

There's something crooked about the business of a corkscrew manufacturer.—Chicago Daily News.

"Did he tell his love by word of mouth?" "Well, not exactly by word."—Town Topics.

Another pugilist gone wrong—he's dead.—Buffalo Times.

BREAD, POTATOES and MILK.

He Lived on Lenten Fare.

A Dyspeptic's daily diet.

Dyspepsia is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Thousands of people suffer from it in a more or less aggravated form. Few diseases are more painful to the individual or more far reaching in their effects on human life and happiness. What the dyspeptic needs is not local treatment, not mere temporary stimulus. The real need is the toning up of the entire system. Fortify the system and it will do its own fighting, and promptly eject any intruding disease. The success of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla in curing indigestion and dyspepsia is due to just this quality which it possesses, of renewing the vital forces, repairing the waste and loss of the body. The ordinary treatment brings the food down to the level of the weak stomach. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla puts strength into the stomach, and brings it up to the level of the strong food fit for men. It does this by strengthening the entire system. The stomach cannot stay weak when all the other organs are gaining strength. What Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for dyspepsia is best illustrated in cases like that of M. S. Shields, Meridian, Miss. Mr. Shields had got down to the last level of dyspepsia. But let him tell his own story:—

"For years, I was afflicted with dyspepsia which gradually grew worse until I could eat nothing but bread and potatoes seasoned with a little salt, and drink only a little milk. I became so bad that a trifle too much of even these caused terrible suffering in the regions of the stomach, darting pains back of the eyes, attended with dizziness and partial loss of sight. The only way I could get relief was by vomiting. Finally I had such a severe attack that the entire left side of my body felt numb and partially paralyzed, and in this condition, I was taken to my room unconscious. The physicians failed to help me, and none of the many remedies I took did me any good. At last a friend presented me with a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and before I had used half of it, I could see a decided change for the better. I used three bottles and was so completely cured that for four years I have not been troubled with the old complaint, but am rugged and hearty and able to eat anything that can be eaten. It would be impossible to say too much in praise of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I would not give one bottle of it for a dozen of any other kind."—M. S. Shields, Meridian, Miss.

Try Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla if you are dyspeptic. If you want more testimony to the value of the medicine, get Dr. Ayer's Curebook. It is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE."
BUY
SAPOLIO
'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

Two Different Views.

She was a charming young lady and naturally had many admirers of the so-called stronger sex. One evening one of them called and the conversation chanced to drift toward another.

"I think Mr. Davis is quite an intellectual young man," she observed.

"Oh, you do," sneered the other.

"Why, yes," she replied. "It seems to me that he is a very hard thinker on many important subjects."

"Well, now that I come to consider it," retorted the undaunted rival of Mr. Davis, "I believe you are right. I never knew a man who thought with so much difficulty."—Chicago Evening News.

Good for the Doctor.

Invalid—I would rather be dead than as I am!

Attending Physician—Ah, madam, you should live and—er—let live.—Detroit Journal.

His Impression.

Brown—Isn't millennium a Latin word?

Smith—Yes; I think it means "money to burn," or something like that.—Puck.

Making Them Useful.

There are too many people who use their friends as coaling stations.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Bennett—"There is more talk about Spain ceding the Canaries." Nearpass—"To France?" Bennett—"No; to a man to whom she owes a coal bill."—Puck.

A man should always be supplied with just enough work and trouble to keep his mind off the pimple on his nose.—Atchison Globe.

A man's meaning is the same during courtship and after marriage, but it is expressed in different language.—Chicago Daily News.

Paradoxical.—"How was your amateur opera performance?" "It was so poor that it was really rich."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."
DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

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MANY FEMALE ILLS RESULT FROM NEGLECT.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks May Produce Displacements That Threaten Women's Health.

Apparently trifling incidents in women's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks, may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started.

The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. MARY BENNETT, 314 Annie St., Bay City, Mich., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can hardly find words with which to thank you for the good your remedies have done me. For nearly four years I suffered with weakness of the generative organs, continual backache, headache, sideache, and all the pains that accompany female weakness. A friend told my husband about your Vegetable Compound and he brought me home two bottles. After taking these I felt much better, but thought that I would write to you in regard to my case, and you do not know how thankful I am to you for your advice and for the benefit I have received from the use of your medicine. I write this letter for the good of my suffering sisters."

The above letter from Mrs. Bennett is the history of many women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman best Understands a Woman's Ills

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY..November 3, 1898.

FOR GOVERNOR,

P. WAT HARDIN,

OF HARRODSBURG.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS—10TH DISTRICT.

Hon. Thos. Y. Fitzpatrick,

OF FLOYD COUNTY.

POLITICAL POT-POURI.

Vote early and get every other patriotic citizen to do the same.

* * *

It seems that Captain Carter has too many millionaire kin ever to be convicted.

* * *

The record which proves Captain Carter's huge steals disappeared from Secretary Alger's desk. What next?

* * *

Every indication points to Democratic victory throughout the United States. Over confidence is our only danger. Get out and do your duty.

* * *

Republican success at the polls this fall involves the rule of America by a foreign money power. Who but an ignorant blinded bigot can sanction such a scheme?

* * *

If there was nothing else at stake than the preventing the passage of the Gage bill that is enough to bring every honest voter to the polls on election day. No Gage bill!

* * *

The War Department is investigating itself, but those who try themselves always find a verdict of asquittal. If the people wast an honest investigation they must elect a Democratic House to make it.

* * *

The womb of the Republican party's banking bill contains the embryo form animated by that spirit which has ever been the deadly foe of human liberty. It should be made to fall stillborn by freemen's ballots on election day.

* * *

Hanna and Alger have rushed to the rescue of the Republican congressional committee. The bankers and army contractors are pouring into their coffers untold wealth with which to again humiliate the country by monstrous corruptions of the ballot box.

* * *

No voice but that of Democracy is raised in this election to shield the oppressed of our land from the deadly blow of financial despotism about to be struck by the Shylocks of the world through the instrumentality of Hanna Republicanism. Go to the polls.

* * *

What humiliation an Abraham Lincoln Republican must feel when he finds himself classed by the side of the Big Four criminals of American politics, Hanna, Alger, Quay and Platt. These four are the men who govern the Republican party and dictate its every action.

* * *

If the next House should be Republican they would pass the Gage bill, to be followed by a monster banking trust—the trust of trusts—which would swallow not only the business men but the country banks as well. Go to the polls, and see that your neighbors do so.

TO THE VOTERS

Of the United States of America.

Clothed with the right of elective franchise, on the 8th day of November next, you will be called upon to exercise the highest duty of citizenship. Upon your action depends the control of the next House of Representatives of Congress.—Every vote for a Republican candidate will be an endorsement of the Republican policy and an approval of the record made by the last congress.

The Republican party has come to be the agent of the trusts, the great corporations, and the great banks. The truth of this statement is borne out by the public records of the past 30 years. Since the close of the civil war every demand of the money power made of congress while under Republican rule has been substantially complied with and every demand of the people substantially denied.

At the dictation of the money power the legal tender money put out during the war was destroyed, whereby prices were cut in twain. By legislation hostile to silver and treasury notes the volume of the currency has been kept so limited that prices have again been cut in twain since 1873, so that, during a period of 30 years, by means of financial legislation the producers and laborers of the country have been impoverished while the wealth of the rich has been quadrupled. By means of this legislation more than fifteen billions of wealth created by the thirty millions who live upon the farms has been transferred from those who produced it to the coffers of the rich.

The Republican party opposed an income tax even in time of war.

They passed the Dingley bill, intentionally framed so as to favor the great trusts which have contributed millions of dollars to the Republican campaign fund.

In the last congress they surrendered to the Pacific railway steal; they voted against taxing corporations; they even voted against taxing the trusts. They authorized the issuance of five hundred millions of bonds when there was not the slightest necessity for any issue They have abandoned international bimetallism and are now thoroughly committed to the single gold standard.

Those appointed to office in the army were the sons of the rich or dictated by those with a political pull. The worthy and competent were turned down for the ignorant and the incompetent, resulting in more sickness, suffering and death in our army than came from Spanish bullets and Spanish fevers.

For the great wrongs done our volunteers no one is punished.—Only white-washing committees, holding star chamber proceedings are organized to cover up the outrages and excuse if not justify crime.

Vast sums of money have been wasted in extravagant contracts given out to special favorites or to corporations which make political subscriptions; and where speculations have been discovered the records containing proof have mysteiously disappeared after reaching the War Department.

Only a Democratic congress can be expected to investigate these wrongs and bring the guilty to the bar of public opinion and to punishment.

The shadow of the Gage bill hangs over the country. If the next House be Republican that bill will become a law. All existing federal currency save gold will be destroyed. The entire circulation of the country will be in the hands of the banks to whom the sovereign prerogative of issuing money is to be surrendered. A bureauocracy is to be established whose officers are to hold their places for 12 years, so that three presidential terms must pass before they can be dislodged. Bonds are to be issued without limit to buy the gold with which to redeem the bank notes. The government is to get out of the government business and go into the guaranty business for the benefit of the banks. A monster banking trust is to be organized to swallow up all the banks outside of the great cities, for these agents of the Rothschilds are to have the power to establish branch banks wherever they will. If this monstrous conspiracy is to be destroyed it can not be done by returning a Republican majority to the next House.

It is given out from the Treasury Department that the war revenue bill has come to stay. So it will be if the Republicans continue to control congress.

If the war revenue bill is to be repealed, if taxation is to be made more equal, if the power of the trusts and the monopolies is to be checked, if the monster bank conspiracy is to be throttled, candidates who oppose the Republican party must be elected.

The very foundation of the Republic is being sapped. The money oligarch is in the saddle; they must be unhorsed or we are lost.

We therefore call upon every honest voter, regardless of past political affiliations, to go to the polls on election day to save the republic. Duty calls to us. Patriotism appeals to us. Let us once more have a government so administered as to bring equal rights to all, and to give exclusive privileges to none. Let the decree go forth that henceforth ours is to be a government not by, of, or for the syndicates and trusts, but of, by, and for the people.

Of the twelve million voters in this country, more than eleven millions are vitally concerned in the accomplishment of this result.

Let their voices be heard in thunder tones on the 8th day of November next.

Parsnip Complexion.

It does not require an expert to detect the sufferer from kidney trouble. The hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the dark, puffy circles under the eyes, the sallow parsnip colored complexion indicates it.

A physician would ask if you had rheumatism, a dull pain or ache in the back or over the hips, stomach trouble, desire to urinate often, or a burning or scalding in passing; if after passing there is an unsatisfied feeling as if it must be at once repeated, or if the urine has a brick dust deposit or strong odor.

When these symptoms are present, no time should be lost in removing the cause.

Delay may lead to gravel, catarrh of the bladder, inflammation, causing stoppage, and sometimes requiring the drawing of the urine with instruments, or may run into Bright's Disease, the most dangerous stage of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, is a positive remedy for such diseases. Its reputation is world-wide and it is so easy to get at any drug store that no one need suffer any length of time for want of it.

However, if you prefer to first test its wonderful merits, mention THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and book telling all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail.

All the state prophets agree that this will be an nnusually severe winter.

FOR

WATCHES

And Watch Repairing

GO TO

FRED J. HEINTZ,

135 E. Main,

LEXINGTON, KY.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, $200,000.00.
Surplus, $60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y

J. TAYLOR DAY,

Wholesale and Retail dealer in

General Merchandise, Lumber,

Real Estate. &c.

Also, President Hazel Green Fair and Driving Park Association and the Farmers' Exchange.

IF YOU GO TO LEXINGTON this week, next week, or any other week, ASK FOR

$4.00
$5.00
$7.50
$10.00

CUT-PRICE SUITS.

They are Great Values and Beauties!

AT

Louis & Gus Straus',

LEADING CLOTHIERS,

LEXINGTON, KY.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

THE GREAT NATIONAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER

And your favorite home paper.

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD,

Both One Year for Only $1.00.

THE N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE has an Agricultural Department of the highest merit, all important news of the Nation and World, comprehensive and reliable market reports, able editorials, interesting short stories, scientific and mechanical information, illustrated fashion articles, humorous pictures, and is instructive and entertaining to every member of every family.

THE HERALD gives you all the local news, political and social, keeps you in close touch with your neighbors and friends, on the farm and in the village, informs you as to local prices for farm products, the condition of crops and prospects for the year, and is a bright, newsy, welcome and indispensable weekly visitor at your home and fireside.

☞Send all orders to THE HERALD.

State College of Kentucky,

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Offers instruction in Agriculture, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, three lines of Scientific Study, viz: Mathematical, Biological and Chemical, Classics and Pedagogy, each of which leads to a degree.
Twenty-eight Professors and assistants. Laboratories and museums large and well equipped. County appointees receive free tuition, matriculation, fuel and lights and room rent. Traveling expenses also given to appointees who remain the full collegiate year.
Board in dormitories $2.25 per week, in private families $2.50 to $3. Board, uniform, books and washing need not exceed $120.00 per year.
Fall Term Begins second Thursday in September.
Preliminary Examinations first Monday in September.
For catalogues and other information apply to

JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., LL. D., President.

DAY AND SWANGO SPRINGS.

J. TAYLOR DAY, PROPRIETOR.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

☞ Don't get possession of Swango Springs until December 21st, 1898, but will buy and keep some on tap free for all guests at L PARK HOTEL, TORRENT, KY.

RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

THE HERALD.

Mrs. Harmon Swango is still quite ill and almost helpless.

Mrs. A. C. Jones, of Salem, visited Dr. Nickell and family Tuesday.

Frank Havens, the grocery drummer, was a guest of the Day House Tuesday night.

Uncle Pres Trimble left yesterday for St. Helens, to visit his sister, Mrs. Eveline McGuire.

Mrs. Lacy, of Lacy creek, Morgan county, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John B. Davis, of this place.

Mr. Simms, representing the Patton Drug Company, Catlettsburg, was registered at the Day House Tuesday night.

Miss Carrie Swango left Wednesday morning for Mt. Sterling, where she will spend the winter with her grandfather, Miles Kash.

Miss Mallie James, accompanied by her cousin, Elsie James, paid Mt. Sterling a flying visit Friday, returning home Sunday night.

Mrs. James Elkins, of Lacy creek, will please accept the thanks of the editor and his better ½ for seven very fine sweet potatoes sent us last week.

CURE rheumatism by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by neutralizing the acid in the blood permanently relieves aches and PAINS.

Nelse Nickell was at McCausey Monday and informs us that the wagons were there to haul the machinery to Ezel for the new roller mill at that place.

The colored citizens of our town had a candy pulling at Charley Mayberry's Saturday night and one at Dob Higgins' on Monday night. They report a royal time at both places.

John H. Rose and wife, who have been boarding with John B. Davis and wife, have gone to housekeeping in the old Trimble property, and they deserve a good pounding.

The game law does not expire until the 15th of this month, and any one who shoots partridges, pheasants, etc., prior to that date is liable to a heavy fine, half of which goes to the informer.

People Believe what they read about Hood's Sarsaparilla. They know it is an honest medicine, and that it cures. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, relieve constipation assist digestion. 25c.

F. A. Lyon, Jr., located at Beattyville, and the leading fire insurance agent of Eastern Kentucky, has a card in this issue to which your attention is directed. If you contemplate building he will furnish you with plans and specifications free. Write to him at Beattyville.

On Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock Wm. H. Cord will preach at Daysboro. The topic for the sermon will be "Confessing Christ." Let everybody attend on time. The officers are asked to have the "loaf and the wine," that the "Lord's Supper" may be partaken of. Remember the hour, 2 p. m.

Mrs. Ida Cecil, of Cedar Bluff, Va., has been here about a month, though we were not aware of the fact until a few days ago. While she has not entirely recovered her health, she is enjoying better health than when here last year, and is this week visiting the families of Boone May, Arbury Swango and Harmon Swango, respectively.

Willie Pieratt had the misfortune to get his left hand badly smashed one day last week, and at one time it was feared one of his fingers would have to be amputated. While working the elevator in J. T. Day's store he got his hand tangled up in the machinery. Dr. Nickell dressed his hand and he is now getting along comfortably.

Hazel Green Academy.

The second term of Hazel Green Academy will begin on Monday, January 2nd, 1899. The teacher's course will begin on the first day of the term and continue 22 weeks. One hundred lessons of one hour each, will be given on the public school branches, besides the regular class work in the regular departments.

This work prepares for both county and state certificates. By the way, every applicant for a state certificate, from this academy, has obtained one.

Hazel Green Academy has educated more public school teachers than any school east of Mt. Sterling, and her teachers sent out, hold the best certificates to teach. The work done here is thorough; there is no "cramming" for examination or "superficial normalism," but thorough instructton. The cost is very reasonable. Think of it: Tuition costs $2.00 per month, board in The Home costs $2.00 per week. The Home is not a "dormitory" or some "private family board(?)"; it is a home. Here are the comforts of home and the association of pupils and teachers.

Does any young man or woman want a better ceetificate to teach? Then come to Hazel Green Academy.

Does any parent or guardian want his children well educated? Then send them to Hazel Green Academy. You will hear the cry, "Our is the best;" "Give us a trial;" "Don't leave your own county;" "Come to your county seat, you'll stand a better chance for a certificate;" "We have a new school;" "The only school of true normalism in Eastern Kentucky," etc., etc., but investigate the merits of these schools before trying them. Upon what are they founded? What have they accomplished? What is the aim of such schools? Then put your money and time where you will get "value received," if you count "dollars and cents." Hazel Green Academy invites comparison!

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me, at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,

A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

Roll of Honor in Fielding School.

The third examination in District No. 14, at Salem, Morgan county, was passed Oct. 19th. Those meriting the best average are as follows:

Grade V.—Wayne Long, 95; Franklin Walters, 90.

Grade IV.—Susie Long, 96; Nora Wilson, 92; Joe M. Nickell, 93; Miles Wilson, 93; Myrtle Wilson, 90; Lizzie Long, 90; Mattie Byrd, 80.

Grade III.—Katie Blankenship, 89½; Cora Chaney, 89; Raleigh Gose, 86; Holly Walters, 85.

Grade II.—Annie Nickell, 87; Curtis Gose, 87; Nannie Blankenship, 86.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

Does Advertising Pay?

Ask W. G. Lockhart, the dentist, of Ezel. On the 6th of October we inserted a one-inch card for him, which was followed on the 20th with a notice calling attention to the fact that he would be here on the 24th. Since that time he has done the following work: Mrs. Ida Cecil, four fillings; Mrs. Jimmie Elkins, plate; Rev. Lee, three fillings; Mrs. Whaley, six fillings and plate; Mrs. Wallin, three fillings; Curtis Quicksall, seven fillings. He made one filling for Mrs. Lula Kash, for whom he also pulled a tooth, and extracted teeth for the following, viz: Herald Pieratt, three; Mrs. Finch, four, and one each for Mrs. Oscar McNabb and Mrs. Buen McNabb.

Religious Services.

On Sunday at the Christian church the morning sermon will be especially for the children and young people of the Sunday school. The topic of the sermon will be, "Decision," and it is hoped that every young person in the town and community will be present. Let the whole service be of such a nature and partake of such a spirit as will make it ever known as "Decision Day"—"Deciding for Christ." At 6:30 p. m., the topic for sermon will be, "Fishing for Souls." Come out and hear used and explained—"a rod," "a line," "a hook," "bait," "a reel," "a hand-net," or "fishing tackle."

A Shattered Nervous System.

FINALLY HEART TROUBLE.

Restored to Health by Dr. Miles' Nervine.

MR. EDWARD HARDY, the jolly manager of Sheppard Co's. great store at Braceville, Ill., writes: "I had never been sick a day in my life until in 1890. I got so bad with nervous prostration that I had to give up and commence to doctor. I tried our local physicians and one in Joliet, but none gave me any relief and I thought I was going to die. I became despondent and suffered untold agony. I could not eat, sleep nor rest, and it seemed as if I could not exist. At the end of six months I was reduced to but a shadow of myself, and at last my heart became affected and I was truly miserable. I took six or eight bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine. It gave me relief from the start, and at last a cure, the greatest blessing of my life."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address,

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

FRUITS. FLOWERS. SHADE.

The Blue-Grass Nurseries!

FALL 1898.

Everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden.
Fruits and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Small Fruits, Rhubard, Aspargus, and all stock grown in Nurseries.
Prices reasonable, as we employ no agents.
Descriptive Catalogue on application.

H. F. HILLENMEYER,
LEXINGTON, KY.
PHONE 278.

R. H. BRYAN,
SALESMAN FOR
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WHOLESALE • GROCERS,
LEXINGTON. KY.

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MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, $200,000. | SURPLUS, $30,000

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay you checks, and loan you money when in need.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

TRAINING AND FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

LIVERY STABLES.

Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausey can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired:

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel.

J. TAYLOR DAY.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

RESTORED MANHOOD

DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

They banish pain and prolong life.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R·I·P·A·N·S

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

F. A. LYON, JR.,

OF BEATTYVILLE, KY.,

The Leading Insurance Agent of Eastern Kentucky,

REPRESENTS NONE BUT THE OLD AND RELIABLE COMPANIES. You cannot afford to insure without seeing him. Issues the most liberal dwelling house policy in existence. He will furnish any who contemplates building a dwelling to cost from $500 to $2,500 with plans and specifications free.

Post No Bills on this wall.

MRS. S. B. KASH,
Fashionable Milliner,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

O. H. HARRISON,
Attorney-at-Law,
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.
451 W. JEFFERSON STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 20 cents per 100.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY

TWO OLD PENSIONERS

By J. L. HARBOUR.

MORE than one of the passing throng that went to and fro over the pavements of the little city park had noticed the small, tidy, comfortable and serene-looking old lady sitting on one of the park benches near the fountain.

The old lady had nothing to sell and no favors to ask of anyone. Had she offered any explanation as to why she sat in the park sewing or knitting steadily she would have said simply:

"I love to be out in the open air where the sun is shinin' an' the birds singin', with the blue sky overhead. Then, I like to set an' see the people go by, an' wonder where they're come from an' where they're goin'. I've got so I know lots of 'em by sight, an' a good many of 'em nod an' speak to me so nice an' fren'ly like, an' some of 'em stop an' chat a little once in awhile.

"But I come here," and then there would come a quivering and pathetic note into her voice, "because somehow or other I seem to kind o' make trouble at home, though, land knows, I try not to, but it don't seem to do any good. You see, I live with my son an' his wife. My daughter-in-law, Susan, she seems to think it's kind o' hard to have me 'round, though I do every stitch o' the mendin' an' all the plain sewin', an' there's a lot of it to do, for Susan has a big house an' rents furnished rooms, an' there's always sheets an' towels to hem, an' I'm never idle, so I can't help feelin' that I earn my keep.

"Then I've got a pension of $12 a month that I draw every three months, but somehow it always happens that my son is in a tight place an' needs the pension money to tide him over, an' then I guess he an' his wife fergit about it, for I never git it back ag'in. I wouldn't mind that if they could only feel that the pension money an' the work I do paid for my keep. I do hate to feel that I'm a burden to 'em, an' I can't be any great of a one, fer I'm no eater to speak of, an' I'm real savin' an' careful o' my clothes.

"I'd go into an' old ladies' home if I could save my money so as to pay the entrance fee, but even if I did my son an' Susan wouldn't be willin' I should go because it would make talk, an' I reckon they'd miss my pension mightfly.

"So, after I git the dishes washed up an' things kind o' put in order, I get my sewin' ready an' come out here in the park where I ain't in anybody's way an' where I don't make trouble for anyone. Susan says she don't think I accomplish as much sewing as I would if I was in the house, an' mebbe I don't, but I'm happier out here where folks seem fr'en'ly and pleasant like. The policeman on this beat comes round and chats with me now an' then an' calls me 'gran'ma-am' an' sometimes I tighten up a button on his coat. We're real good fr'en's. Then the old apple woman is real fr'en'ly an' often runs over an' fetches me a speckled apple or pear. There's lots o' fr'en'liness in the world. That gray-haired old gentleman over there the other side o' the fountain is one o' my fr'en's an' we chat together a good deal. He's got a pension, too, an' is situated a good deal as I am in other respec's. He lives with his married daughter an' I gether from what he says that she wouldn't have 'im 'round if it wa'n't for his pension. He gits $12 a month, same as I do, but his daughter don't let 'im keep but a dollar of it an' she begretches him that. It hardly keps his pipe goin'."

The old man referred to was an inoffensive-looking man of about 65 years. He was pretty shabbily dressed and would have been even ragged at times had not the old lady "kep' him mended up." It was not uncommon to see him sitting in his shirt sleeves by her side while she skillfully mended or sewed up rents in his shabby old coat.

He had a kindly face and childish blue eyes in which there was often a look of mute appeal. He spent most of his time in the park, because he, too, was "in the way" in his daughter's home. She was a shrewish and slatternly woman with a tongue like a blade. Few kind words ever fell from her lips and none were ever spoken to her old father.

When the old man's pension money came it was seized by his domineering daughter, quite as if it were her own, and some months she failed to allow him even his dollar for "spending money."

It was "a kind of comfort," he said, to talk over his troubles with some one, and he found the old lady to be a willing and sympathetic listener. They had not known each other until they had "kind o' got acquainted," as the old lady said. Now they were the best of friends, and the old man frequently read the newspaper to her while she diligently plied her needle. They made a pleasant picture sitting there under the elms, and more than one passerby had said: "They would make a good study for an artist."

The old man had found her sitting there one spring morning when he came walking rather wearily across the park. His "rheumatis" had been giving him a little trouble.

"But I reckon it'll not trouble you any more now that it's gettin' so warm and pleasant," said the old lady, encouragingly.

"I'm hopin' not," he said. "I shall need all the strength I kin git to hold out agin' Marthy, my daughter, the way I'm plannin' to hold out next week."

"How's that?"

"Well, my quarterly pension comes in an' I've made up my mind to draw it an' keep it my own self this quarter. I'm needin' a good many things an' I've turned my pension over to Martha ev'ry quarter for so long I'm bound an' determined to keep it this time. It'll be a hard tussle, but I'm goin' to do it."

"I would so," said the old lady, sympathetically. "It's kind o' funny, but I've made up my mind to do the same thing with my pension. Mine comes due next week, too, an' I'm goin' to keep ev'ry cent of it. I'm needin' a new calico dress an' overshoes, an' anyhow I want to have a little money in my pocket. It ain't right for me to give up so to my son after all I've done for him. I jest shan't do it any longer."

There was a resolute note in her voice, and she gave her head a little toss of defiance.

"You're right," said the old man with decision. "It ain't right for us to be domineered over so. Sometimes I've thought of gettin' me a room an' shiftin' fer myself. I'd do it if my pension was a little bigger."

"I've thought o' the same thing," said the little old lady, "an' I don't know but I'll do it yit. I'm real spry an' it wouldn't be no trick at all fer me to keep house for myself. Land knows I work harder and steadier now than if I was keepin' house in a room or two by myself. Then I wouldn't be in nobody's way nor make no trouble for anyone. I've got my own things, too. Ev'rything in my room at my son's house is my own, an' they couldn't keep me from takin' them away if I had a mind to."

"I've got a good cook stove an' a lot o' things stored away," said the old man. "They couldn't make me sell 'em, for I didn't know but I'd want 'em sometime, an' I—I—"

Suddenly the old man said, slowly, without looking up: "We might—that

ON THEIR FAVORITE BENCH.

is, if you was willin'—put our furniture an' our pensions together."

"Yes, we might."

The old man dropped his cane and faced her eagerly. His wrinkled hand reached out and touched hers; his voice was tremulous with eagerness as he said:

"We will, if you'll only say so. I've thought of it over an' over ag'in, but I ain't had the courage to ask you to—to—marry me. We'd be real happy an' comfortable together. If you'll just say the word we'll break 'way from all this bein' domineered over an' live as we've a right to live. If you'll only say the word!"

The next day the old lady, clad in her brown merino Sunday gown, and the old man, in his Sunday suit, appeared in the study of the minister of a little mission church they both attended and were married.

"It'll be an awful s'prise to my son an' his wife," said the smiling old bride.

"An' to my daughter," said the bridegroom, and then he added, valiantly; "But let 'em say an' do what they will. I'll defend you ag'in 'em all, my dear."

There is not in all the city a happier or more contented couple than this pair of old pensioners in their two cozy rooms. They may yet be seen any fine day on their favorite bench in the city park with the birds above them singing their love songs and their own hearts not too old to be filled with tender affections, with hopes and with harmonies.—Detroit Free Press.

ONE HUNDRED KISSES.

The Unique Record Made by a St. Louis Lady Who Loves Her Soldier Boys.

A St. Louis woman has had the thrilling and unique experience of kissing 100 men in as many minutes.

There is no doubt that this is the world's record, firmly established.

If it were a question simply of kissing 100 men the record would still hold; but add to that the fact that the men were all kissed within two hours, and you have a record with which there is no comparison in all history.

This fearless and delightful record-maker is Mrs. C. C. Rainwater, one of St. Louis' prominent society women.

The 100 men who were factors in the record making are the soldier boys of company E, First Missouri volunteers.

Every man and officer of the company was given a farewell kiss and a godspeed by Mrs. Rainwater as the company lined up for inspection at their Chickamauga camp. In the days of peace, when a military company's chief duties were to appear on dress parade and give hops, Mrs. Rainwater was the guardian angel of company E and a leader in all its social doings. She was a sort of mother of the regiment. She fairly owned every man's heart that beat beneath a uniform in that particular company. She was always the "top line" patroness of the company's balls and the amateur theatricals. When in camp Mrs. Rainwater was always the guest of honor.

Her love for the company was no less than the company's love for her. When the war broke out and company E volunteered for the First regiment of Missouri infantry, Mrs. Rainwater felt as though every man who signed the rolls was her son. The war came very near to her, though she had no boys of her own to send out at her country's call.

Company E was ordered to Camp Thomas, at Chickamauga, before Mrs. Rainwater had an opportunity to give the men her blessing.

Here was the greatest event in the life of the company becoming a part of history without Mrs. Rainwater's cooperation. It would never do, according to her views of matters, to allow all this to happen without taking a hand in it herself. She had been "first in peace," she would also be "first in war." She was sure she was "first in the hearts" of the men at all times.

Determined that the company should not get into the actual battles of war without her blessing, Mrs. Rainwater went to Chickamauga to visit them.

When she arrived there was a great stir in the company's street. The men turned from their washing or whatever employed them at the time and turned out to greet the dear old gray-haired lady—their "mother of the regiment."

It was a gala day for company E. Everything that could possibly be done to make Mrs. Rainwater's visit pleasant was done. She was shown about the camp by squads of willing soldier boys. At dinner time she ate at mess with them.

Later in the day the company was ordered to fall in line in the company street. An unexpected inspection had been ordered. The boys passed through the ordeal with flying colors, and were then put at "company rest."

Some few words of introduction were spoken by one of the officers, and then Mrs. Rainwater, all smiles and happiness, walked down the line from one man to another, and gave each a resounding motherly kiss and a "God bless you."

It was a most picturesque scene. Some of the boys put an arm around the dear old lady as they bent down to kiss her; others merely pressed her hand as she kissed them, and some awkardly bent to the task as though they were on fatigue duty.

When the last and one hundredth man had received and given the good old salutation, there was a rousing cheer and a tiger for the little woman that would make your blood boil.

Everybody seemed thoroughly happy, and especially Mrs. Rainwater. She had performed the most novel feat, and set a mark for kissing that will stand undoubtedly for years to come.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Replica of the Matanzas Mule.

The famous donkey which was brought back from the Soudan by the Australian volunteers who went there in 1885 has just died. That donkey cost the country something like £350,000, for that was the cost of the expedition, which resulted in nothing but the securing of the donkey. Most of us have heard of the apt and philosophical rejoinder of the late Sir Henry Parkes, when somebody alluded to the expense involved in securing the donkey for the Sydney zoo: "I am sorry to say," he said, "that it isn't the only donkey that has cost us £350,000."—Sydney (Australia) Telegraph.

Queer Custom in Japan.

It is a curious fact that when a Japanese woman is dressed in the national costume her husband always treats her as Japanese husbands generally treat their wives—that is, like servants. But when the same woman puts on European dress the conditions are reversed.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

In Which Is Depicted Somewhat of the Sorrowfulness of the Expiring Year.

A great wave of perspiration had swept up from the briny depths of the sea of humanity, and on its white-capped top the month of August had taken passage to the shoreless realms of eternity.

Tip-tilted on the petals of the blooming melancholy days of poesy and song, September in her golden glory stood, and from her harvest finger ends threw ripening kisses to the world.

There was no sadness in her eyes, and in her voice was only the music of rich, ripe fruit falling to the ground.

As she swept along on the crimson tide of her leafy glory, a simple Oyster crossed her path.

In his face was the shadow of Fate.

His requiem was sounding in the key of R.

September saw him, but she wot not what he was to her, nor she to him. She nodded at him smilingly.

"Good morrow, Master Lowly," she sang. "Look upon me, I prithee. Am I not indeed in it?"

The Oyster was amazed.

"I beg your pardon," he answered, though he knew full well what she had said.

"Dearie me, Master Lowly," she chirruped, "do but look at me. Am I not in it?"

"Do you mean the soup?" lugubriously inquired the Oyster.

"No, indeed. Why should I?" laughed the warm September. "I mean the Autumn, of course, stupid."

Then the Oyster sighed as if his shell would break, and he wondered why one could be so heartless as to jest upon such a serious subject.—Washington Star.

The Growth of Socialism.

It is argued by deep thinkers that the growth of socialism is due to the large standing armies of the world, in which men are often made to enlist against their will, and thus become discontented with existing conditions. The growth of a stronger race of people is due to the large sale of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is the best medicine for costiveness, dyspepsia, fever, ague and all nervous troubles. Try one bottle.

When It's Really Solemn.

"It's a very solemn thing," she said, "when a woman intrusts a man with her affections."

"It's a mighty sight more solemn when she makes him think she has intrusted them to him while they are still locked up in her jewel box," he replied.

Then they looked at each other, and each realized that it was time for their summer flirtation to end.—Chicago Post.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Maud—"You don't seem to find time to get married." Marie—"No. I am kept engaged all the time."—Town Topics.

Mrs. Banks—"Why did you let your cook go?" Mrs. Brooks—"She said one of us would have to leave."—Truth.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

The Spaniards try to avoid engagements, but the summer girl isn't built that way.—Chicago Daily News.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken Internally. Price 75c.

A great deal of ability is necessary to properly manage a $10 bill.—Atchison Globe.

Good Blood Makes Health

And Hood's Sarsaparilla makes good blood. That is why it cures so many diseases and makes so many people feel better than ever before. If you don't feel well, are half sick, tired, worn out, you may be made well by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Improved Mathematics.

"What are you working on now?" was asked of the man who is always inventing but never invents.

"Nothing very big just at present. I'm about completing a method for calculating compound interest with a rubber stamp."—Detroit Free Press.

A Word to Baldheads.

Don't comb your hair over the bald spot on your head and then kick because your grocer puts the big potatoes on top of the measure.—Chicago Evening News.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Satisfies that dry taste in the mouth.

BattleAx PLUG

Remember the name when you buy again..

THE BAND PLAYED ON.

[As the Californians, under Col. Smith, came up the beach their band played the national air, accompanied by the whistling of Mauser bullets, and during the sharp-shooting continued to encourage the men with inspiring music.—Dispatch from Manila.]

"Forward!" the colonel sharply said.
With eager eye and steady tread
They crossed the strip of shining sand
Is rhythm with their pulsing band.

Up from the bay the great guns roared,
High o'er their heads the swift shells soared,
But true and steady rose the drum
Above the battle's growing hum,
And wild and strident shrilled the horn,
As if it shrieked in loyal scorn.

The bullets whistled o'er the strand;
A crimson stain was on the sand.
"Fire!" shrieked the colonel, and a roar
Went booming down Manila's shore,
And while its echoes died away
The fearless band in steady play,
As on parade, so calm and free,
Poured forth the song of freedom's key.

It roused those dauntless Yankee hearts;
They felt the thrill the song imparts;
In rhythm with the horn and drum,
Each lip the dear old words did hum.
They fought like brave men, good and true,
They pressed ahead where bullets flew,
And till they'd conquered every don
The band played on.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

An Episode of Vacation Time.

By FREDERICK SEEGER.

"HANDSOME girl that," said Jack Ruthven, in his careless way, indicating with a nod a tall young woman alighting from the hotel bus, one summer day, a number of years ago.

"Handsome? Why, Jack, she's 30, or 32, if she's a day," said his cousin, Belle Grey.

"Does it follow," drawled Jack, "that because a woman's 30 she cannot be attractive? According to your estimate I must be an antediluvian, for I was 40 a month ago."

"O, but you know a man of 40 is young—just in his prime—while a woman of 30 is—well, passe, to say the least—an old maid, in fact."

"My dear, there is nothing of the forlorn old maid about that girl. She is dignified, distingue, refined in bearing, and yet looks pleasant and approachable."

"There is where you are mistaken," said Belle, with a pout, for she was "setting her cap" for Jack, as the girls said. "She is not entertaining at all. You just ask the boys, Ben and Arthur. They'll tell you just how interesting she can be. Why, she's such a bore that all the boys avoid her—never ask her to dance, in fact. You will see at the next hop how much attention she gets. She'll be the wall flower of the occasion, and sit primly by the side of her very prim aunt all the evening. What is funniest of all," added Belle, with a merry laugh, "is that she must get permission to dance—a girl of 30! O, it's too funny!"

Miss Van Tassel had meanwhile entered the hotel. Belle walked off with a friend and Jack remained in his seat quietly smoking.

"Bore of a place," he thought. "Strange, too, I feel it so tiresome. Ten years ago I found life here tolerable enough. I don't know whether the fault is mine or in the girls, but I do know that if I don't get rid of this ennui I'll be off in a jiffy. Think I'll cultivate the new arrival, and if she fails to amuse, take myself to pastures new. She may be uninteresting as Cousin Belle says, but I doubt it—not with that intelligent, strong face, if I am any judge of faces."

He was introduced to her that evening by a mutual friend. The conversation was general. Miss Van Tassel seemed to be a better listener than talker, and Jack Ruthven was in no position to judge of her conversational ability when the good nights were uttered.

"Certainly very attractive in appearance," thought he, "and doesn't look a day over 25. I believe Belle is fibbing. Young ladies will get jealous of attractive girls, and tell these little white lies occasionally, under the influence of the green-eyed monster."

The night of the weekly hop arrived, and the dancing began promptly at the appointed hour. All the younger girls were soon upon the floor, dancing with the young men of the place, but Miss Van Tassel, as predicted, remained sitting beside her chaperone, to the great satisfaction of the younger girls. Although they scoffed at the idea put forth by Jack that they were jealous of her classic beauty, they were not slow in turning the attention of the "catch of the season"—Jack Ruthven—to her as a wall flower.

"I believe I'll ask her to waltz, myself," said Jack, in his teasing way; and he suited the action to the word.

"Dancing!" exclaimed Mamie Smith.

"Dancing the waltz," said Will Blume, "his pet abomination—and with that icicle—the passe girl."

But the twain waltzed on, neither heeding nor hearing the numerous comments, keeping perfect time until the last bar was played. Then they quietly strolled out upon the veranda to a cozy corner, where they were found at the end of the hop by "Aunty Chaperone," as the aunt was sarcastically dubbed by the young people of the place.

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. Van Tassel, "it is quite late. We must retire."

The niece quietly arose and bade Jack Ruthven "good-night."

"You seem to have gotten on well with 'the bore,'" said Cousin Belle, spitefully.

"Finely," replied Jack, in an aggravating tone of satisfaction. "I see just why the boys don't get on with her. There's nothing commonplace about her. None of their small talk would interest her, and flirting is out of her line altogether—a sealed book, in fact. I don't believe she knows its alphabet. Yet, notwithstanding, my dear cousin, Miss Van Tassel is an interesting young woman, if you start her on the right track. I expect to see more of her. She's the most attractive girl here."

"Girl? Young woman! She's 30, if she's a day."

"Who told you so?"

"Her looks for one thing, and May Dietere's sister, who was her schoolmate, is 30."

"Time seems to have done little damage, then—if 30 is old. For my part, I find her more attractive than the insipids just from school, with which the place abounds."

Cousin Belle bit her lips with aggravation, but said nothing. Mentally, however, her thoughts ran like this:

"Designing creature! She knows Jack's the catch of the season—laying herslef out to catch him—who would have thought it possible?—didn't know she had such smartness in her."

The following afternoon Jack Ruthven proposed a drive to Miss Van Tassel, who accepted, provided her aunt approved. The consent of the aunt was gained and the pair started off in full view of many pairs of envious eyes, for Jack was not only the "catch," but the only really eligible match at the place.

Cousin Belle decided that something must be done. Her coveted prize was slipping from her grasp, so at the first opportunity she regaled Jack with the history of the Van Tassel family, and closed her recital of their circumstances in these words:

"Nice people enough, you know; old Dutch and all that; but there's a skeleton in the family, they say, somewhere, a cousin or somebody did something—I don't know exactly what or when—disgraceful; and then her mother was only a poor music teacher, who played at parties, and later, when she got on a bit, sang in some really nice concerts. That's how Mr. Van Tassel met her. She played at his mother's parties. You see Mrs. Van Tassel wanted to help the girl, and that's what she got for doing it. John Van Tassel was young and he fell in love with the handsome music teacher. She died when Miss Van Tassel was only a few days old, and John Van Tassel, they say, died of grief at her loss; but that, you know, is all bosh—men are not made that way. The aunt adopted her, and, with her limited means, she educated her and tried to push her; but, you see, she's failed. She's caught no flies in her web, and now she's 30, she isn't likely to, they say."

Jack listened with an amused smile, for this little cousin of his was yet young in the art of diplomacy, and her malice was very perceptible.

"You would not advise me to propose to her, then?" he queried. "You know I've been seriously thinking lately of settling down—of marrying, in fact—and I thought that probably a girl of 30 would be more suitable for a man of 40, tired of the little whirlpools of society, than a girl of 20. Miss Van Tassel is the most attractive girl of 30 I ever saw."

"You surely would not think of her!" cried Belle, with genuine horror. "Why, they keep only one girl, and when she entertains at luncheon—a cheap sort of entertaining, by the way—she prepares most of the dishes herself, and then appears, all fussed up, afterward, as though she hadn't done a thing, and as if they had 40 servants. And, do you know? they can't afford to have even their gowns made. She makes everything they wear, and they live away over west—two hundred and something. My! if they were not Van Tassels they'd be nowhere in society—nobodies. As it is, they are just tolerated."

"Just as we are tolerated because of our money, earned a hundred years ago, by our grandfather—an honest farmer—by his investment in land in Harlem. The property went up, and so did the family. We are nabobs, not because we are Ruthvens, but because we have money. Society, as it is technically known, worships money and dry goods. Give me the girl who, like Miss Van Tassel, knows how to make the home; she's a good possession for any man. A fig for society! Not one word you have said but has raised Miss Van Tassel in my regard, as it would with anybody, excepting the conceited snobs and do-nothings, who were perhaps nobodies 20 or 30 years ago. Really fine families do not draw the line at the things you have mentioned. I am all the more decided to propose to Miss Van Tassel. She may refuse me. I hope not, for I think money and a family a good combination, myself. You should approve, cousin mine, for it's quite the thing in society to join in wedlock family and hard cash."

Cousin Belle bit her lip, as was usual with her when vexed, but only said:

"Jack, you're incorrigible. I don't believe you mean a word you say!"

Sailing, driving, dancing, walking; these were the daily occupations of "the pair," as they were now called by all the boarders at the hotel, who looked on with eager interest to see how the matter would end.

Cousin Belle became desperate, and held many conversations with her aunt—Jack's mother—in which Miss Van Tassel was called "that designing creature," "the passe girl" and other disparaging things. The aunt listened and at first said little. Later, however, she expressed her convictions quite freely.

"My dear Belle," she said, "it is really quite kind of you to take such an interest in Jack's welfare, and to warn me in this way, but I have given the matter much thought and have come to the conclusion that Jack cannot do better than to marry Miss Van Tassel, who is certainly a charming girl. She is devoted to her aunt, who assures me she is a great comfort to her. She has many domestic virtues which will make for peace and happiness in the home over which she will preside. I can wish no better fortune for Jack than such a wife. Marriage is a lottery, but I am quite willing that he should take the risks in this case. It promises well, at any rate, and I shall advise Jack to marry her as soon as she will have him."

"But, auntie, she is so poor and so old."

"She certainly is not old in this comparison. Her age is suitable to Jack's. As to her poverty, Jack has an abundance for both. Her poverty will end when she becomes his wife."

Before the summer was over the engagement was announced, and three months later Miss Van Tassel was married to the "catch of the season," and their happy married life has shown the wisdom of his selection.—Good Housekeeping.

IMMENSE BUDDHIST BIBLE.

Is Spread Over Seven Hundred Slabs of White Marble in Seven Hundred Temples.

In 1857 Mindon-min, king of Burman, erected a monument near Mandalay called the Kutho-daw. There he built 700 temples, in each of which there is a slab of white marble. Upon these 700 slabs is engraved the whole of the Buddhist Bible—a vast literature in itself, equal to about six copies of the Holy Scriptures.

The marble Bible is engraved in the Pali language, thought to be that spoken by Buddha himself 500 years B. C. Photographs of some of the inscriptions have reached England, and Prof. Max Mueller, perhaps the greatest linguist in the world, has examined them. But, alas! for all this human ingenuity and perseverence! If his majesty, Mindon-min thought to perpetuate the teachings of the great Buddha by causing them to be graven on the rock, he nourished a vain ambition.

The climate of Burmah is moist, and its effects have always wrought havoc on the surface of the white marble, and the photographs show a partial effacement of some of the Burmese characters in which the Pali text is engraved.

This is certainly the largest known copy of any portion of literature. Even the National Encyclopedia of China in 5,000 volumes occupies a comparatively small space. To reach the other end of the limits of the printer's and engraver's art we need only to remember the "Smallest Bible in the World," and the diamond editions of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius.

To engrave the Bible of Buddha on the marble slabs in the temples of Kutho-daw must have cost many thousands of dollars, but these sermons in stone are easily outclassed by a copy of the New Testament, which, beautifully printed, can be bought for 25 cents, and if carefully cherished will last many generations.—Boston Traveler.

The Frenchmen of Asia.

"Persians struck me often as much resembling Frenchmen in their love of compliments and courtly phrases, and by their mannerisms of talk and gesticulation; and when they waxed eloquent about their feats of war and their prowess in the chase they would put the immortal Tartarin himself to the blush. I fancy that Persians would, however, be considerably astonished were they to hear their language as spoken in the France of the orient. French taught by Austrians to Persians must necessarily undergo remarkable changes as regards accent, and I met few Persians out of Teheran who had the slightest respect for gender. 'Il' was the only personal pronoun used, and as they seemed to imagine all adjectives need only be used in the masculine, it was often most confusing to follow a conversation. I have had to listen to long family histories in which wives, sisters, brothers and a variety of other relations were all mixed up indiscriminately, the effort to understand who was who leaving my brain in a perfect whirl."—English Lady in Persia.

Words Attributed to Bismarck.

Bismarck was the author of the epigram that "God made man in His own image and Italy in the image of Judas."

The Currency Question.

AN ABLE ADDRESS.

Abstract of a Speech Recently Made by Henry G. Miller, of Chicago, at Omaha.

For monetary purposes silver has an equal rank with gold, for in accomplishing the object for which money was instituted, money made of silver is as suitable and efficient an agent as money made of gold. The great object of bimetallists is to restore gold and silver to a bimetallic par, so that the great mass of these metals which has been accumulating in thousands of years shall again become a single bimetallic money and that the changes that take place in the annual production of either of them can only affect the mass by increasing or diminishing it.

The relative value of gold and silver is dependent upon, and is governed by the demand for them for monetary purposes, and the question is whether if the mints of this country were open to the unrestricted coinage of both metals, our demand for monetary purposes would be sufficient to raise the value of that metal to an equality with gold upon our present legal ratio of sixteen to one, which is three per cent. more favorable to gold than the Franch ratio of fifteen and one-half to one. In that case the demand for silver for monetary use would not be confined to this country, but would embrace all silver-using countries and those nations in Europe which use silver as a token money, and in which, as in France and Germany, silver is still circulating for domestic use side by side with gold upon the ratio of fifteen and one-half to one.

It is said that 75 per cent. of the inhabitants of the earth transact their business with silver money, while reckoned in our currency, the silver used as token money and full legal tender money in Europe amounts to at least $1,200,000,000, which must be continually replenished.

What is the demand in this country for money for business purposes as compared with that of other nations? As stated by Hon. Thomas B. Reed, in a speech delivered in the house of representatives, February 1, 1894, we annually produce one-third of the manufactured products of the world. The eminent statistician, Michael J. Mulhall, in an article contributed to Public Opinion, June 6, 1895, says that the effective energy of this country devoted to the production of wealth is nearly equal to that of the United Kingdom, France and Germany collectively. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew said in a speech delivered in 1897: "There were carried last year on the railroads of the United States 60,000,000 tons more than on all the railroads of the world outside of the United States, and in all the ocean commerce of the world put together." And he adds: "This internal commerce of the United States makes it the most wonderful market in the world." We must also take into account the great amount of money that will be required in the countries coming under our control as a result of the war with Spain, the money to be paid for pensions and the vast amount of our public, municipal and private indebtedness.

In view of these facts it is manifest that if this country with its boundless capacity for using money should use only silver for monetary purposes that metal upon our ratio would be worth more than gold. But when there is the unrestricted coinage of both metals, the moment silver becomes more valuable than gold, gold will take its place and a permanent silver standard will be impossible. In that case the two metals will be on a parity with each other upon our ratio of sixteen to one, as they were for nearly 100 years upon the French ratio of fifteen and a half to one. Then both metals would again be fully employed in the world's commerce and international bimetallism would be practically established.

It is said: "All our money should be on a parity so that one dollar shall be as good as every other dollar." All legal tender dollars of whatever material composed—whether of gold or silver—are necessarily on a parity. As money one legal tender dollar has the same power and is of the same value as every other legal tender dollar. As Mr. Cernuschi says: "The law of legal tender makes of them a forced currency and prevents any of them from falling below the nominal par." Legal tender greenbacks were always at a par and it was only when treated as merchandise that gold was at a premium, but the eagle—the ten dollar gold piece—was never a legal tender for more than ten dollars, and if paid upon a debt, the person making the payment would not in law be credited with more than that sum.

The fundamental error of gold monometallists is in supposing that the standard of value is the material of which money is made. Upon this theory the report of the Indianapolis monetary commission was constructed, in which it was contended that as gold is the standard money of the civilized world it should be our only standard of value and all our currency should be made exchangeable for gold.

To this we reply that money and not the material of which money is made is the standard of value. "Money" as Mr. Cernuschi says, "is the scale of valuation." In our monetary system the degrees in the gradation of this scale are the dollar, dime, cent and mill, and in the terms of this scale or standard, the values of all forms of property are expressed, precisely as the weights and dimensions of objects are expressed in the scale or standard of weights and measures. The dollar is the unit of this scale and is therefore the unit of value. The value or purchasing power of this unit changes as the mass of money in circulation changes, falling as the mass increases and rising as the mass diminishes.

Money fixes the price of commodities and pays for them. It fixes the price of labor and pays for it. A high money standard means low prices for commodities and a low price for labor. Our experience under the gold standard has been marked by falling prices, the cutting down of wages paid for labor and the demoralization of industries.

GOLD STANDARD IN CHILI.

Financial Panic in the South American Republic by the Withdrawal and Exportation of Gold.

A financial panic has been occasioned here by the withdrawal and exportation of gold, which has caused the Chilian government to officially close all the banks in Chili until the 12th inst. During this suspension the government will consider the advisability of issuing paper money.

The above dispatch shows that Chili was successful in her attempt at financial suicide; that the sword of the gold standard which she bravely inserted into her financial vitals has produced the usual fatal effects of that deadly instrument whenever used. The slaughtered victims of the sword of gold fill millions of graves in India, where the money of the people was destroyed by a ruthless enemy in London, and the 300,000,000 of the doomed victims of English greed are to-day shuddering on the brink of financial despair.

The leap from the sleep of ages which an increased supply of silver money gave Japan as the result of the adoption of the gold standard in the western world, was marvelous. But in madness and folly Japan adopted the gold standard and hurled her people back towards the conditions of the Dark Ages when contraction of the money volume enslaved mankind. If Chili, India and Japan are not obpect lessons to warn the American people to resist gold monopoly while resistance is possible, the misery of the masses will be the reward of their folly and the words of Solomon will be further verified when he said: "The rich ruleth over the poor, and the borrower is a servant of the lender." Unless the people take heed they will be classed with Solomon's fools, whose fate he described when he said: "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."—Silver Knight-Watchman.

The Indian Mints.

The New York Financial Chronicle prints a letter from its Manchester (England) correspondent on the currency situation in India. He says, among other things:

"It was at first supposed that the opening of the mints to the coinage of silver was excluded from the purview of the committee, but so great has been the dissatisfaction with this limitation that Lord George Hamilton has expressly announced that the committee is quite at liberty to include the resumption of silver coinage within the scope of its inquiry." Furthermore, this correspondent declares that "leading and influential men in London, in Glasgow and other centers, monometallists and bimetallists, who have long been in serious conflict with each other on the monetary question, are now working in most cordial cooperation to defeat the attempt to establish a gold standard in India." It would appear from this that England is awaking, even if slowly, to the error of its Indian currency policy and that the report of a few weeks ago that the Indian mints were to be reopened has a very good basis in fact.—Denver Times-Star.

Want Dear Money.

The instinct of gain, natural to all men, prompts them to invest in property and commodities upon a rising market and to avoid investments in all things that are declining in price. The republican party is seeking to commit the United States more thoroughly to a single monetary standard of gold, which would be a decree that debtors must continue to grow scared business men dear, and that all other things continue to fall in price.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

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very facility, and
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It Is Always So.

At 16 or 60 a woman
age.—Atchison Globe.

"Ring out the old Ring in the new
Ring out the false Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S

Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a *Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure* for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the microbe-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS

Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 Sizes

BE SURE YOU GET

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

I AM 88 YEARS OLD, and never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grip as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe, Paducah, Ky.

LATE STATE NEWS.

The new Washington County Telephone Co. has in operation 70 instaunments.

Chaplain Sam Small has been delivering entertaining lectures to Lexington audiences.

Pawnee Bill's Wild West show has been exhibiting in Purchase towns the past week.

Nearly all the Kentucky college towns have football teams and are playing good amateur games.

The Jessamine county corn show will be held at Nicholasville in the Journal office November 21.

Lafayette went dry at the recent election, and Somerset will vote on the question on November 10.

J. G. Martin, of Stanford, has sold to John Collier Gooch the mail line between that place and Kingsville.

A Canadian water fowl, known as a devil diver, was found in Mark Linney's back yard at Harrodsburg.

Bowling is quite the fad in Central Kentucky towns, in nearly all of which alleys are or will be opened.

The cherry orchard of Holman Vanarsdell, near Harrodsburg, was in full bloom just before this cold snap.

The political speaker is just now occupying the center of the stage, but he will be a statesman out of a job next week.

William Huesman shot and instantly killed James Menar at Louisville Sunday afternoon, as the result of jealousy.

Dan E. O'Sullivan, late of the Louisville Critic, is now an associate editor on the New York Journal, with a salary of $4,000 a year.

The tollhouse on the Springfield and Bloomfield turnpike, one mile from Bloomfield, was burned to the ground one night last week.

Lexington is raising $10,050 by subscription to build winter barracks for the troops at that place, and will doubtless succeed this week.

At Louisville Dr. Cain C. Godshaw was shot and seriously wounded in an altercation with his stable man, Henry Nearles, Sunday afternoon.

There is a tree at Dr. Kinnaird's, in Lancaster, which is full of a second crop of apples. The tree went through a regular course of blooming and leafing.

Roy Morgan was shot and fatally wounded by a discharged soldier from the Second Kentucky named Quinn, at Lexington Sunday evening, over a crap game.

Editor C. C. Moore, of the Blue Grass Blade, and James E. Hughes, his printer and publisher, are under arrest charged with sending obscene literature through the mails.

John Warner, wanted in Henderson on the charge of kidnapping, and supposed to have been located in Akran, O., had gone when the officer reached the Ohio town.

The celluloise factory at Owensboro announces that it will buy 15,000 fons of corn stalks this winter. It will begin receiving them as soon as they are dry enough to work.

W. E. Singleton, the photographer, who was wounded by Major T. J. Carson in a shooting scrape at Lexington Saturday week, is rapidly improving at the Protestant Infirmary in that place.

Editor R. W. Knott, of the Louisville [illegible]st, has been indicted by the Jefferson [illegible]nty grand jury for criminal libel. [illegible]harged Mayor Weaver and the [illegible] of public works with raiding the [illegible]

[illegible] Duncan, Co. L, Second Ken[illegible]ntry, was presented with a [illegible] gold medal by the Richmond [illegible] of his company, which was [illegible]ncaster, his own home. The [illegible] was made at Blount Bros.' [illegible]e Argonaut says the cap[illegible]l for utterance.

From New Zealand.

REEFTON, NEW ZEALAND, Nov. 23, 1896.

I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicines the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy than of all other makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.—E. J. SCANTLEBURY. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

Cincinnati Live Stock Market.

The Cincinnati Live Stock Record, of Friday, gives the following as the best prices for that day:

No choice cattle on the market today.

Top price for those on sale, $4.65.

Top price for calves, $6.00.

Top price of light hogs, $3.50; heavy, $3.70.

Best sheep brought $4.00.

Best lambs brought $5.50.

The above were actual sales, but it should be borne in mind that they represent the best of their class on the market that day. THE HERALD will each week give the best sales of the Friday before, which is alone worth the price of the paper. NOW is the time to subscribe.

K&K K&K K&K K&

WAGES OF SIN

A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD Estd 1878 250,000 DISEASED MEN CURED

WE CURE NERVOUS BLOOD SKIN & PRIVATE DISEASES

250,000 CURED

YOUNG MAN Have you sinned against nature when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing. Did you only consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on in manhood contract any PRIVATE or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Dare you marry in your present condition? You know, "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON." If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been drugged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY.

We treat and cure—EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER diseases.

CURES GUARANTEED

"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 2c stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

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The Costliest Cough Cure is Change of Climate

and it's a cure that's not often possible and not always sure. There's a better idea about coughs and cures: Why not fit the lungs to the climate instead of fitting the climate to the lungs? It is the power to do this that makes

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

The Best Cough Cure

in the land. It is a sure cure for colds and coughs; a specific for Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough; it prevents Pneumonia, cures La Grippe; and it so strengthens the lungs and heals the torn tissues that many cases of disease marked by all the signs of Incipient Consumption have been absolutely cured by its use.

"We tried almost everything for asthma without success. At last we used your Cherry Pectoral, and the relief was immediate." S. A. ELLIS, Keene, N. H.

"When I had almost despaired of ever finding a cure for chronic bronchitis, I derived most excellent results from Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I can testify as to its efficacy." R. G. PROCTOR, M.D., Oakland City, Ind.

"There were sixteen children in my father's family, and there are seven in my own. We have never, since I can remember, been without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and have never had a case of cold or a cough that this remedy did not cure." HON. WM. E. MASON, Chicago, Ill.

"My wife was sick in bed for ten months, and was attended by six different doctors. All of them said that she had consumption, and some of them said she could not live a month. I bought one bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It seemed to help her; so I secured one dozen bottles. Before these were all used she was completely cured, and today is strong and well." J. W. EWING, Camden Point, Mo.

"For more than a year my wife suffered with lung trouble. She had a severe cough, great soreness of the chest, and experienced difficulty in breathing. A three months' treatment with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral effected a complete cure. We regarded it as remarkable, as the other remedies she had tried had failed to even give relief." C. H. BURRIS, Marine Mills, Minn.

Price, $1.00. Half size bottles, half price, 50c.

For sale by all Druggists and General Dealers.

FOR SALE

Desiring to close out my business at this place, I offer for sale all of my

Blacksmith, Carriage and Wood-Workers' Tools,

consisting of the latest models. Also, Material and Supplies, a great variety and the best quality. Also,—

Two Saddle and Harness Horses,

GOOD ONES, aged 5 and 6 years, and perfectly safe for any one to drive. One First-class Buggy and Harness, HOUSEHOLD FORNITURE, &c.

☞Parties in need of any of the above, can secure bargains by calling on

JOHN H. ROSE, Hazel Green, Ky.

ME-GRIM-INE

A positive and permanent cure for ME-GRIM (half-Headache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia.

Headache Cured Free

by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more promptly headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all druggists. 50 CENTS A BOX

The Dr. Whitehall Meg. Co.

SOUTH BEND. IND.

W. G. LOCKHART,

DENTIST,

EZEL, KY.

☞Teeth extracted without pain. Gold fillings a specialty.

Will be at Hazel Green Monday, Dec. 5, and remain one week. Charges reasonable.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect May 15, 1898.

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 5. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington ...	7 45 am	2 30 pm
Avon.....	8 10 am	2 55 pm
Winchester..	8 30 am	3 15 pm
Fairlie.....	8 45 am	3 27 pm
Indian F'lds	9 00 am	3 43 pm
Clay City.....	9 16 am	4 01 pm
Stanton.....	9 25 am	4 11 pm
Filson	9 31 am	4 24 pm
Dundee	9 47 am	4 35 pm
Nat. Bridge..	9 54 am	4 40 pm
Torrent	10 08 am	4 54 pm
Beattyv'e Jc	10 29 am	5 16 pm
Three F'ks C	10 39 am	5 26 pm
Athol	10 59 am	5 48 pm
Jackson	11 30 am	6 20 pm

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 3. Daily.
Jackson	5 40 am	2 25 pm
Athol	6 11 am	2 56 pm
Three F'ks C	6 31 am	3 16 pm
Beattyv'e Jc	6 41 am	3 26 pm
Torrent	7 02 am	3 47 pm
Nat. Bridge..	7 18 am	4 01 pm
Dundee.....	7 23 am	4 08 pm
Filson.....	7 34 am	4 24 pm
Stanton	7 48 am	4 35 pm
Clay City.....	7 57 am	4 44 pm
Indian F'lds	8 14 am	4 59 pm
Fairlie.....	8 31 am	5 13 pm
Winchester	8 44 am	5 25 pm
Avon.....	9 04 am	5 45 pm
Lexington...	9 30 am	6 10 pm

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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Office at residence, and calls answered at all hours. Obstetrics a specialty.

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Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties, and attend promptly to all collections entrusted to him.